Vol. CXLIII. No. 1858.

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[THE BYSTANDER July 26, 1939

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Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10.

GERMANY—*continued*

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bathing estab. Pat. by best Soc. Pens. from Mks. 12.

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Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

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Lausanne.—Hotel Royal.—Super first-class. Unriv. sit. Sunny park. All rooms with priv. lav. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

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Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—First-class. Best view, full sth. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

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Pontresina. — The Palace. — First class in every way. Own tennis courts. Garage. Inclusive rates from 15/-.

St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.—Host to the Elite. Season June 15th to end of September.

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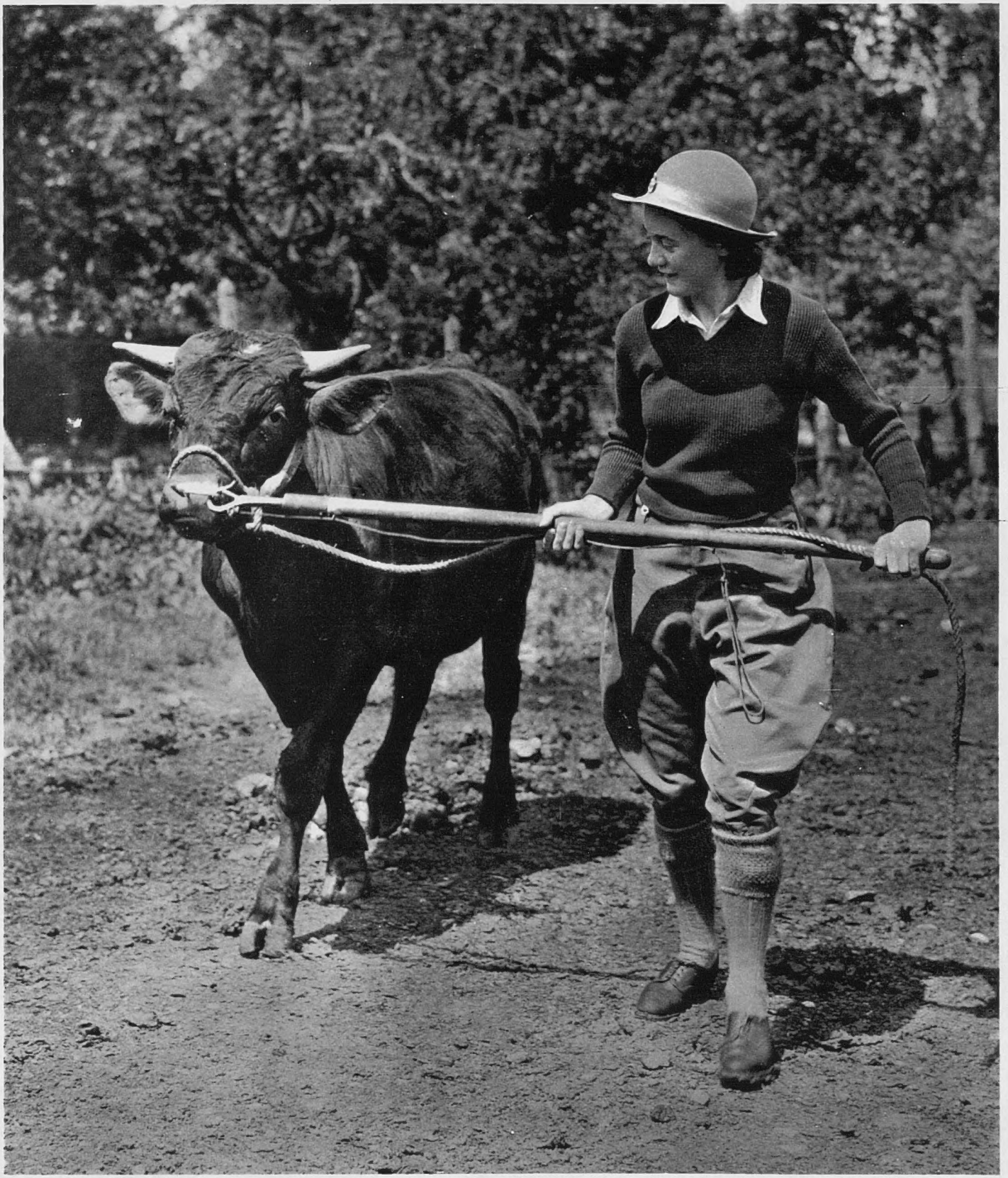
The Bystander



The Land Girl and the Bull

For the sixth instalment of our "Women in Uniform" series we review some aspects of the Women's Land Army. This is still in process of formation and organisation. 10,000 of the 50,000 volunteers required have been enrolled, and some of them are beginning their training, under the auspices of the Land Army County Committees. This aims at an elementary grounding in farm knowledge so that volunteers may continue their self-education afterwards. Land Girl P. Gattey had the not unexciting job of exercising a young bull—a contrast to the routine of her everyday life which is that of a secretary. More pictures are on pp. 131-2-3

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

INTERNATIONAL affairs seem to be marking time, although Poland has sent a warning against aggression in Danzig. The Poles are determined in their resolution not to allow the key to their country to become a fortified part of the Third Reich. And it is good news that staff talks between Sir Edmund Ironside and the Poles are going on, and also that General Gamelin may shortly visit Warsaw.

So President Roosevelt cannot after all get the Neutrality Act altered, and Senator Borah and his chums have once again played beautifully into the hands of the Axis. If a war was to break out in the near future, the Americans will not be able to sell munitions to the Democracies, but they will be able, behind three thousand miles of water, to tell the world how passionately they believe in Democracy.

MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD has made a startling statement in the House of Commons. He said that illegal Jewish immigration into Palestine was an organised conspiracy to smash the Government's policy. But when he was challenged to say whether he was suggesting that the Jewish agency in Palestine was in any way responsible, he declined to commit himself. He made one peculiar remark—that forty per cent. of these immigrants come from Poland and Roumania, and are instructed to throw their papers overboard as soon as they get on the ships so that the authorities don't know where they come from, and so cannot send them back. How, then, does he know that they come from Poland and Roumania ?

IT is reported that the British Embassy in Berlin is anxious that Commander Stephen King Hall should stop sending his famous letters to German citizens. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the business may be, there is no doubt that the Commander is a most enterprising man with most ingenious ideas. Without any doubt he, a private citizen in this country, has caused no end of a to-do in official circles in Germany.

THERE is an unpleasant feeling going around that the Treasury is haggling over the terms of the loan to Poland. There certainly is a hitch. Some people say the Treasury is insisting that the money should be spent in this country and others say that the Treasury wants a definite control of how the money is to be spent. Whatever the reason, a painful impression is being created in Warsaw. In effect, we are encouraging the Poles to fight if they are attacked, and at the same time haggling over a comparatively small sum of money to help them to re-arm.

MISS FLORENCE HORSBRUGH has been appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Health in succession to Mr. Bernays, who moves on to Transport. This makes an all-Scottish pair at the Ministry of Health, which is concerned entirely with England and Wales. Scottish health comes under the Scottish Office. There is a murmuring among the English and Welsh back-benchers.

New peer: *Lord Woolton went in his new Court dress and under his new name to the levée last week, is seen leaving his hotel. As Sir Frederick Marquis, this head of a northern chain of clothing stores was appointed honorary adviser to the War Office on supplies of textiles, helped the Government negotiate with Liverpool merchants. His peerage came in the Birthday Honours*

PARLIAMENT is busy winding-up its affairs for the summer holiday. There are still a number of important Bills to be passed. Unfortunately, in this scrimmage, Sir Samuel Hoare's Bill for criminal reform has been put back, because the Conservative M.P.s who want flogging to continue have managed to obstruct it. So it looks as if the Tory Women's Association has scored a notable triumph. They have all the summer now in which to get the clause struck out of the Bill altogether.

(*Continued on page 118*)

New M.P.: *Mr. P. L. Horabin held the Liberal stronghold of North Cornwall for the party, was returned not only with an increased majority on the late Sir Francis Acland's, but with a greatly increased poll (32,000 voted, as against 20,000 at the last election). Consequently though Mr. Whitehouse, the Conservative, increased his support by 5000, he still found himself out of Parliament. Sir Archibald Sinclair's new supporter went to Westminster last week with his wife, was greeted by a local guardian, P.C. Baker*

New Civil Servant: *Sir George Gater's transfer from County Hall to Whitehall, from the clerkship to the L.C.C. to the permanent under-secretaryship for the Colonies, was a surprise. At the Colonial Office he replaces Sir Cosmo Parkinson. He was photographed leaving his Chelsea home and his wife, but not his son Anthony George Richard, whom he takes to school*

Not Soldiers, but in Uniform

Prince Emmanuel of Liechtenstein Washed his Plate after Eating

Emmanuel von und zu Liechtenstein is his country's chief scout, and a close friend of the present ruler, Franz Josef II. He learnt scouting under Baden-Powell at Gilwell, and was, consequently, quite at home at the Rover Scouts' international camp at Monzie Castle, Crieff, Scotland. His Serene Highness here washes his plate after a meal

Prince Gustaf Adolf Went to Eat

Gustaf-Adolf-Oscar-Frederick-Arthur-Edmond of Sweden, Duke of Westerbotten, grandson of eighty-one-year-old King Gustaf, was another Rover in camp at Monzie Castle, Crieff. This young Bernadotte was on his way with clean plate to get his ration

Lady Brecknock Appeared in Different Centuries

The Countess of Brecknock, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Kent, went to camp at Aldershot as a member of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, and put on past uniforms of the F.A.N.Y.'s during an inspection by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone: left as a 1909 F.A.N.Y., right as a 1914 one. The inspection was watched by members of the modern Auxiliary Transport Service, in which Lady Brecknock holds the rank of acting-corporal

The Duchess of Kent Inspected the St. John Ambulance Order at Cardiff

The Duchess of Kent, as Lady Superintendent for Wales of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, was present at a general assembly, with investiture, in Cardiff's City Hall, where she made awards, and afterwards inspected a parade of voluntary national service recruits (here). While at Cardiff she stayed in the Castle, as guest of the Marchioness of Bute; she was attended by Lady Brecknock (see left)

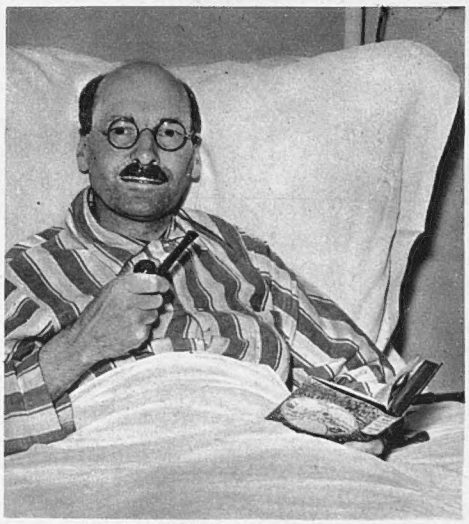
The Passing Hour

(*Continued from page* 116)

A REMARKABLE book has been published by the Left Book Club, under the signature of Simon Haxey. I do not know who Mr. Haxey is, and it is possible that he is composite. The book is called *Tory M.P.*, and it gives an immense number of details of the connection between the Tory Members and various industries and financial houses. Mr. Haxey says that 181 Conservative Members of Parliament hold 775 company directorships between them. More than a hundred directorships in iron, steel, coal, engineering and armaments are held by Members. Mr. Haxey also shows by fascinating charts how the ramifications of the great families of Britain are linked up with the Tory party.

I WENT round the Westminster A.R.P. trenches the other day in St. James's Park. They were open to the public for three days. They are elaborate in certain details and extraordinarily casual in others. The trenches near the Mall are designed for 700 people, though probably 2000 could be squeezed in, in emergency. They are not bomb-proof, but are only designed against splinters and shells. I asked an official in charge what was the depth of the cover, and he replied, rather angrily, "Constructional matters are not the concern of the public," and walked away. All the public is asked to do, apparently, is just to pay for them.

THE assembling of the Militia brought a good many wry and sardonic smiles to the faces of volunteers of August, '14. To-day the man who is compelled to join the Army is treated as if he were a little hero who had come of his own accord, and was sacrificing all the good things of youth for six months. In 1914 the volunteers were instantly treated as criminals by the regular sergeant-majors under the regular officers. I confess I don't understand all the fuss about the Militia.



***Major Clement Richard Attlee** is now convalescent from the major operation which he underwent in the London Clinic, is here seen with a book and his pipe in bed. The illness of the fifty-six-year-old Member for Limehouse and Leader of H.M. Opposition came at a crowded time for Parliament. His party has been led in the Commons by Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Member for Wakefield*

THE Treasury, in the intervals of haggling with the Poles, has found time to make a strange decision. Bookmakers, whose runners commit an offence and are fined, may deduct the amount of the fine from their income-tax return. This only means that the Exchequer of the country will help the runner to pay the fine for an offence committed against the laws of the country. Why should this only apply to bookmakers? Why should not it apply also to motorists, authors who have slandered someone, or burglars pinched in the act?

THE first passenger-flight of the Yankee Clipper brought some picturesque figures to this country for a few minutes. Colonel Amon Carter, newspaper proprietor from Fort Worth, Texas, was one of them, with his enormous Stetson hat (there was a picture of him in last week's BYSTANDER). And another was John Cowles, who owns newspapers at Des Moines, and another was Paul Patterson, the celebrated president of the *Baltimore Sun*. Mr. Patterson has done more long-distance flights than most men, and, at the age of sixty, he has already booked his passage in the next pioneer flight from America to New Zealand.

MR. PATTERSON is a frequent visitor to this country. On this occasion he told me that the thing which impressed him most about Britain was the change of spirit from defeatism almost to aggressiveness. The spirit of confidence seemed, according to him, to be strong in the land. Another thing which impressed him was the number of officers in khaki to be seen in the streets. It is quite true, when you come to think of it, that an officer in khaki has been a pretty rare sight ever since 1919. Now the streets are full of them. Another phenomenon is the young man in civilian clothes hurrying along with a rifle in his hand, and, of course, the main railway stations are crowded with soldiers and Air Force men.

THEATRICAL plans for the autumn are steadily maturing. So far it looks as if the two main features will be Mr. Noel Coward's pair of alternating plays and Dr. Cronin's first experiment in the theatre. Dr. Cronin has written a play (oddly enough, about a young doctor), and Mr. Alec Rea is going to produce it. There is also to be Miss Daphne du Maurier's adaptation of her own novel, *Rebecca*, with Miss Celia Johnson playing the lead, and Mr. Gilbert Miller also has a big programme ready.

LAST week a certain newspaper reported that Captain Liddell Hart's new book had not sold a single copy in all the book-shops in the Strand. It very hastily had to climb down, because the book is selling like hot cakes everywhere, and another large edition went to press within a week of the date of publication.

MR. JAMES BRUEN, the famous Irish golfer, is still a little too young to last the course of a four-round championship against the best professionals. In the Irish Open Championship he started magnificently, and then grew steadily worse. But as he is only nineteen, there is plenty of time. Even Bobby Jones was not infallible at that age.

TOM HAYWARD is dead, one of the greatest of all professional batsmen. He was at his best in a crisis, and many a time he pulled England out of a hole against Australia. It was Hayward who, on one occasion, advised his young and inexperienced colleague, Jack Hobbs, not to be too severe on a certain bowler who was bowling very badly, because his captain might take him off. A few overs later he was horrified to watch Hobbs take five consecutive boundaries off the man. Hayward walked across and remonstrated, but Hobbs whispered, "I heard the captain say that it was to be his last over."

***Prof. J. B. S. Haldane** gave spectacular evidence at the involved Thetis enquiry of how he reproduced and underwent conditions that must have prevailed in the submerged submarine. He spent 14½ hours in a sealed chamber, later made tests on Don Renton, Patrick Duff and George Ives (listening here), stated that the victims' last hours of carbon monoxide poisoning must have been "unpleasant, but not torture"*

Wedding of the Week—Viscount Cowdray and Lady Anne Bridgeman

In a week of big socialite weddings, Lord Cowdray and Lady Anne Bridgeman had the biggest, with the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone heading the vast list of wedding guests. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with a reception at Viscountess Cowdray's house in Mount Street, and have gone abroad for their honeymoon. Lord Cowdray, the third Viscount, is twenty-nine, owns Cowdray Park in Sussex, Dunecht in Aberdeenshire, was recently in America as non-playing captain of the British Westchester Cup polo team. His best man was his sister Daphne Pearson's fiancé, John Lakin. Lady Anne Bridgeman is twenty-six, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford. She looked exquisitely beautiful in her chalk-white dress of dull satin, her crown-like diamond tiara. Her two pages and six grown-up bridesmaids, headed by the Hon. Daphne Pearson, wore white and pale blue

Social Register

The July Wedding Rush

Capt. the Hon. Richard Hamilton-Russell and the Hon. Pamela Cayzer

Capt. the Hon. Richard Hamilton-Russell, 17th/21st Lancers, is the second son of Viscount and Viscountess Boyne, of Burwarton Hall, Bridgnorth, Salop. The Hon. Pamela Cayzer is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Rotherwick, of Tylney Hall, Basingstoke, Hants. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and are having a motoring honeymoon. Pamela Cayzer's father was known until two days before the wedding as Sir Herbert Cayzer, Bt., M.P.; he received his barony in the Birthday Honours. She wore white, embroidered with pale blue crystals, and her four pages, eight child and four grown-up bridesmaids (see below) wore hyacinth-blue

Miss Joyce Kingscote and Mr. Brassey

West Country socialites came to London for the wedding of Hugh Trefusis Brassey, Royal Scots Greys, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edgar Brassey, of Dauntsey Park, Chippenham, Wilts., and Joyce Kingscote, daughter of Capt. Maurice Kingscote, of Callingwood Hall, Burton-on-Trent, and Mrs. V. O. Kingscote, of Pinkney Court, Malmesbury, Wilts. They were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and have gone abroad for their honeymoon

Miss Cayzer Had a Retinue of Sixteen

The four pages were Michael Hamilton-Russell, John and Michael Graham, John Vassar-Smith. The eight small girls were Jacqueline Wingfield, Alicia Cooke, Susanne Ray, the Hon. Sylvia Harris, Lavinia Agnew (her mother is in the flowered dress, right), Sarah Walford, Annabelle Pennington, Janet Hardwick. The four grown-ups were the Hon. Molly Cayzer, the Hon. Rosemary Hamilton-Russell, Joan Madden and Heather Eliot

Mr. Bowman, Miss Lindsay-Browne

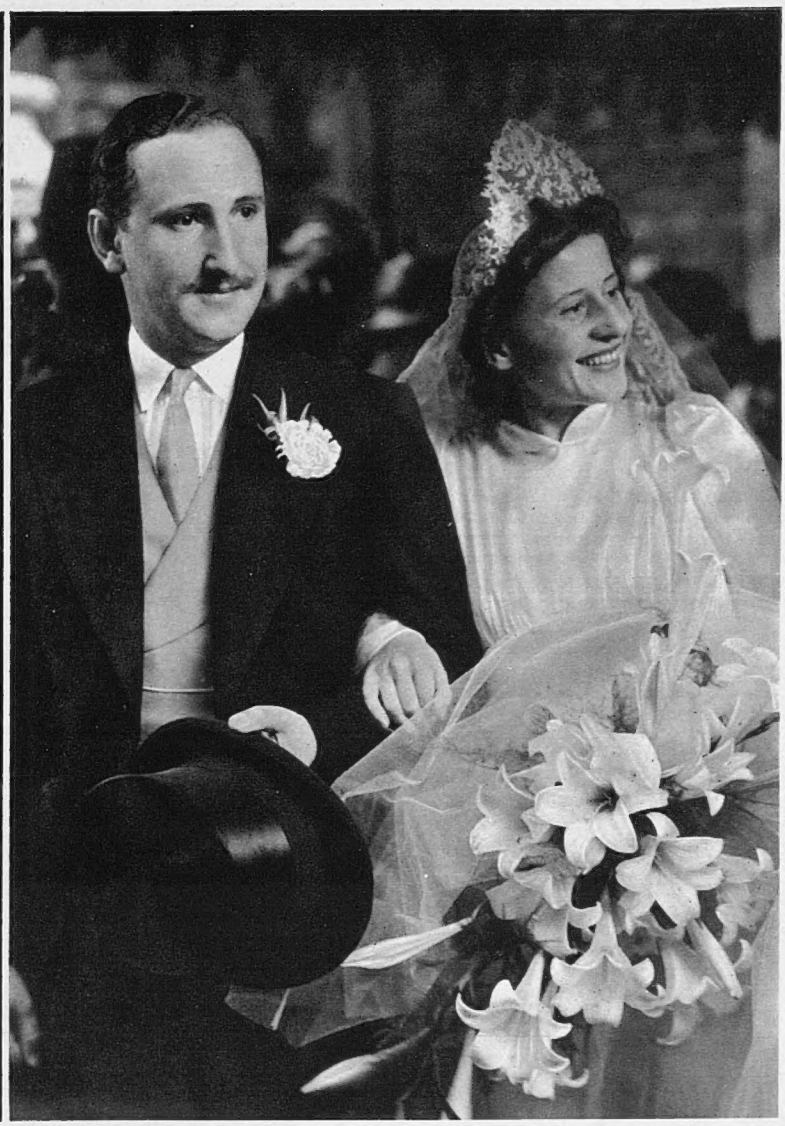
John Hood Bowman, Coldstream Guards, and Pamela Corrie Lindsay-Browne were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, and are honeymooning on the Continent. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bowman, of Seafield House, Mistley, Essex. She is the only child of Captain L. Lindsay-Browne, and the late Mrs. Lindsay-Browne, of Sydney, Australia

Mr. Lowther, Miss

William Guy Lowther, 8th Hussars, is the only son of Lowther, Bt., of Erbistock the late Lady Lowther. las Campbell is the youngest Major Archibald Douglas Mrs. Douglas Campbell, of Hants. They were married at

Capt. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe and Miss Malcolmson

Capt. Richard Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Royal Scots Greys, and Nancy Malcolmson, only daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. V. A. Malcolmson, of Aston Bury, Stevenage, Herts., were married on Thursday at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the son and heir of Sir Fitzroy Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, of Elvetham Hall, Hartley Wintney, Hampshire



Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart and Miss Gerth van Wijk

Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart and his Dutch bride were married at St. James's, Spanish Place, and they are also honeymooning abroad. He is the youngest of the five sons of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute and is twenty-two. Selina Gerth van Wijk is the daughter of den Heer Frederik Gerth van Wijk, Dutch Minister in Tangier; her father came to London to give her away

Douglas Campbell

King's Royal Irish Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Hall, Wrexham, and Grania Suzanne Dougdaughter of the late Campbell and the Hon. Toad Hall, Frimley, Holy Trinity, Brompton

Capt. Donald Browne and Miss Dupree

Capt. Donald Harris Browne, son of the late Colonel Percy J. Browne, and Mrs. Browne, of Ashley Wood House, Blandford, Dorset, married Margaret Marcella Marion Dupree, younger daughter of the late Colonel Sir William Dupree, Bt., and Marion Lady Dupree, of Upperfold, Liphook, Hants., and half-sister of the present baronet, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mr. Eyre, Baroness Marie von Puthon

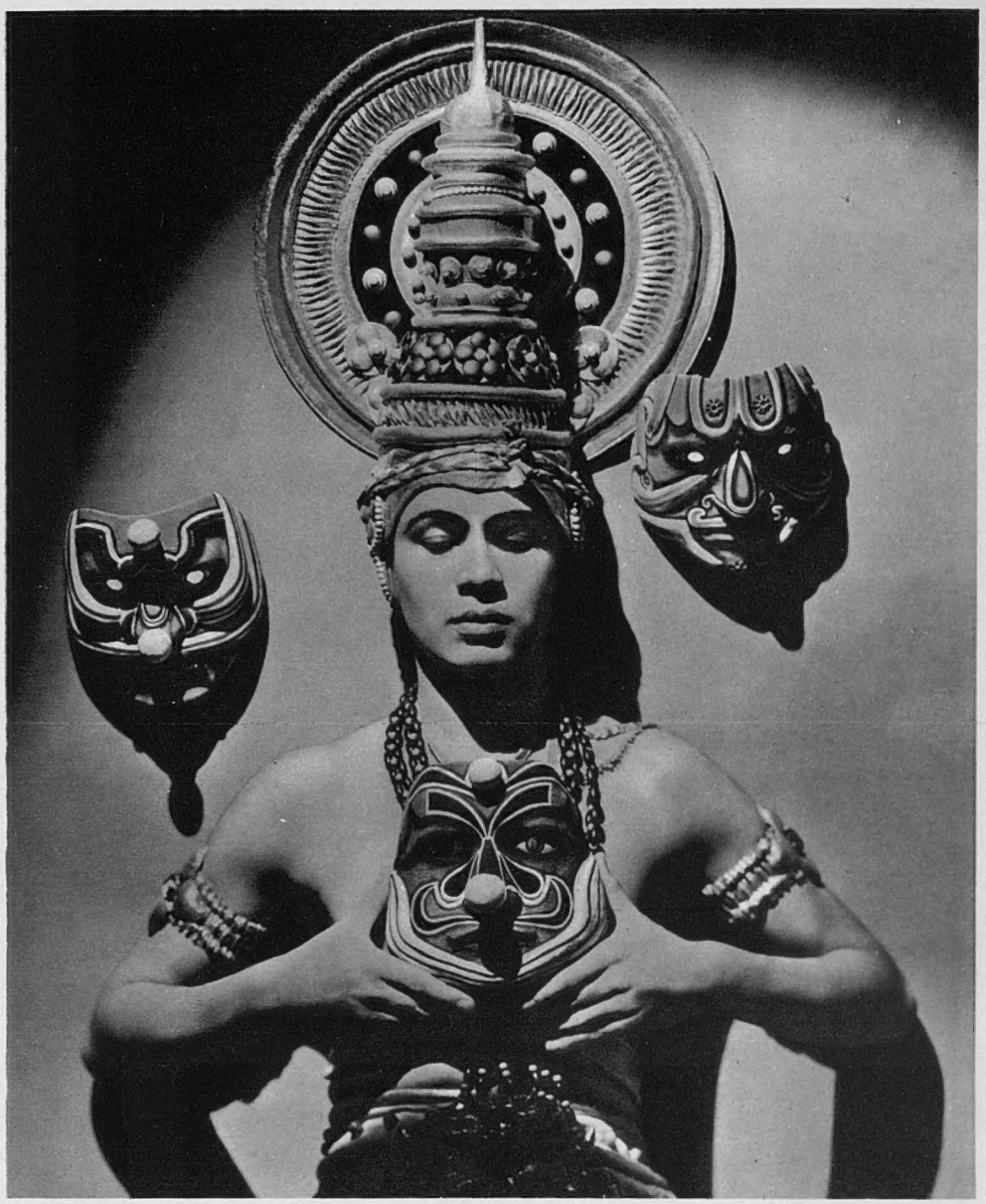
Oliver Crosthwaite Eyre and Baroness Marie Alexandra von Puthon had a country wedding from his home at Bramshaw, Hants. He is the son of Major and Mrs. Crosthwaite Eyre, of Warrens, Bramshaw, and is prospective Conservative candidate for West Walthamstow (now held by Labour). She is the daughter of Baron and Baroness von Puthon, of Schloss Mirabell, Salzburg

Ram Gopal

An Indian Dancer at the Aldwych

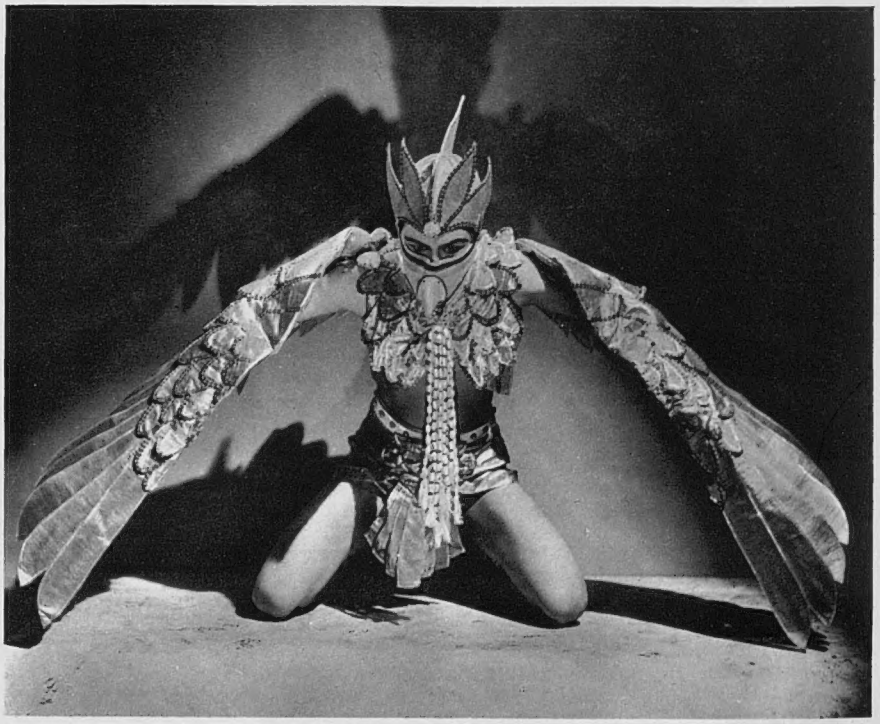
Ram Gopal is now making his first appearance in London. From America comes talk of "an Indian Nijinsky," from Warsaw the phrase, "the greatest dancer of the present generation." Here comparison with Uday Shankar will be inevitable. In any case, this young dancer has great physical beauty, and in his own country he is recognised as a wonderful exponent of the pure classical Indian dance. After he had graduated he was sent by his father to study under the greatest teachers of Southern Indian dancing, and after that he toured with the La Meri Company through Burma, Malaya, Java, and China, later leaving the company to travel on his own and give solo recitals in America (under Max Reinhardt's patronage) and Europe. During his return to India to study again, he formed the company which is with him here, including Retna Mohini, a Javanese Court dancer, and two more Indian dancers, as well as his orchestra. His music was all specially written for him by Kheshan Dhorda, one of the best-known Indian musicians of the day. His season at the Aldwych began last night (Tuesday)

Photographs by Hurrell, Hollywood



***The Cobra Dance** is part of his repertoire. He is twenty-two, son of a famous Indian author and Sanscrit scholar, was born in Bangalore*

***As King Klana** he wears a magnificent dress, heavy with gold and jewels*



***In the Dance of Garuda** he is the Eagle God, who flies daily to Heaven for the food of the Gods*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Alien Corn" (Wyndham's)

THIS is a highly theatrical play about a highly theatrical pianist who, being condemned to instruct the sophomores at Conway College, Chicago, in her art, yearns to perfect it by being herself instructed (if only she had the money) in Vienna. Everybody seems to agree that Elsa Brandt is a genius in the bud. The demonstrations given at considerable length in Wyndham's Theatre by Miss Margaretta Scott, who plays the piano uncommonly well (or is it somebody behind the scenes?), are certainly convincing enough. But less convincing are the demonstrations of musical hysteria given, one suspects, to persuade the audience beyond all doubt that here is a real artist with a real soul. The way artists "carry on" about their art in plays is surely one of the oddest fairy-tales with which the theatre regularly regales us. Although Miss Scott, in the throes of knowing that she has it in her, and fearing that she will never get it out of her, keeps a straight face, she must, being an artist herself, realise that these outpourings are, in truth, all my eye and Sidney Howard.

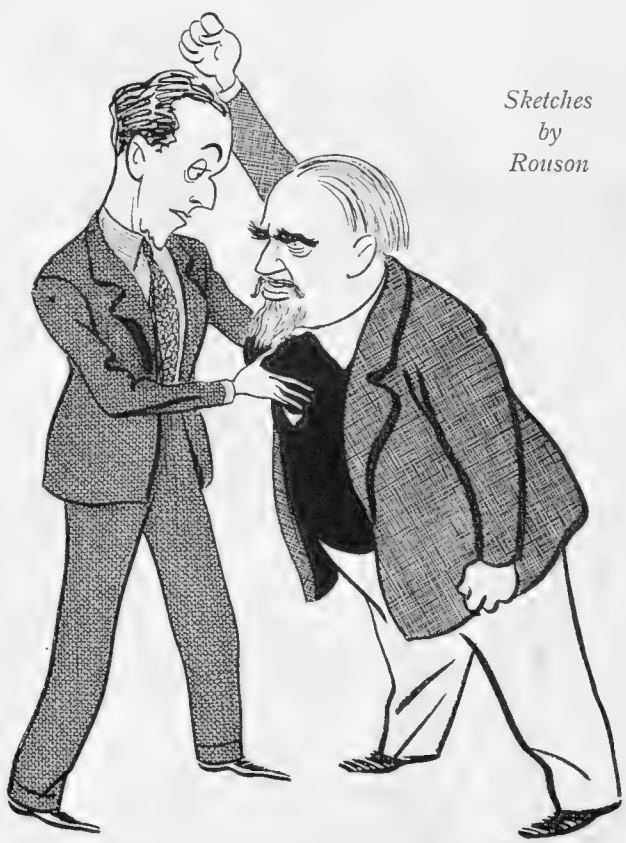
ELSA'S attitude towards her art is of a piece with other highly theatrical elements in *Alien Corn*. Her father, who "carries on" quite as much as she does, is a violinist whose hopes were blighted by paralysis. Imagine, then, how ardently he desires his daughter's success. Of her lovers, the favoured one behaves like a reasonable human being, promising her the money she desires for her Viennese education, but backing out a bit when his wife grows suspicious. The unfavoured one, less reasonable, takes to Ibsenesque pistol-practice, and having attained sufficient proficiency to hit the bull's-eye three times running, proceeds to shoot himself—an easy mark after such careful training. There has been much tense uncertainty as to whether Elsa will or will not go to Vienna, her hopes rising and falling through the three acts of the piece. When the suicide of the unfavoured lover occurs at the finish, the most extraordinary piece of behaviour of the whole night is startlingly presented. How would ninety-nine—how would a hundred girls out of a hundred, be affected if suddenly confronted by the corpse of a young man who had shot himself because they would not marry him? The answer is that they would, for a few minutes, at least, be sufficiently overcome by the tragedy to forget everything else. But not so Elsa. Since Vienna is the theme of the piece, she promptly announces that now she will go to Vienna. The curtain comes down. And we are left gasping over an exhibition of flagrant insensitiveness for which the author has not in any way prepared us.

IF *Alien Corn* is false, it is not dull. Mr. Howard's sense of the theatre carries the audience through; Miss Margaretta Scott tackles her job like a rare plucked 'un; Mr. Fritz Valk as her father gives a showy performance of an easy part; and Mr. Hartley Power, as her wavering benefactor, gives an unshowy performance of a hard one. The production is by Mr. Henry Cass, and leaves me with only one suggestion to make. If Miss Scott *does* play the piano, why not set the piano at such an angle that the matter is put beyond all doubt? If she *doesn't*, why not handsomely acknowledge the unseen artist in the wings among the attributions on the programme?

Musical interlude: Elsa Brandt, a pianist (Margaretta Scott) and Harry Conway, a Philistine (Hartley Power)

Young neurotic, Julian Entwhistle (John Clements)

Sketches by Rouson



Restraining the old war-horse: Phipps, a journalist (Edmon Ryan) and Ottokar Brandt, musician (Fritz Valk)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

INCREASINGLY, and to its growing discomfort, the Island Race is getting its nose rubbed in reality of one kind and another nowadays. A conference of Public School headmasters, held in London, has openly displayed wind-up over the birthrate. Owing to the Middle Class's preferring cars to babies, it seems, the schools—especially prep. schools—are already taking a woundy knock. Harrow has publicly admitted a decline in numbers, and even the elementary school population is down by some 300,000. So Mr. Evelyn Waugh was probably right to point out with graceful cruelty to an Oxford audience the other night, that schoolmastering will shortly cease to be the final refuge and *pis aller* of the more horrible and ignorant type of undergraduate, for the reason that there will be no more children for him to practise on. His future (Mr. Waugh more kindly added) will obviously be in journalism, since 90 per cent. of the population of Great Britain will be senile, not to say gaga, and incapable of anything save sitting round and reading the newspapers. The Public School Heads, who went so far in their alarm as to hint at fee-cuts, amalgamations, and even—suppressing natural shudders—publicity, seem to agree. Before long now, we dare aver, the Government will be rearing and panicking and trying frantically to bribe the Middle Class to breed, Whitehall's genteeler synonyms and euphemisms for the facts involved supplying the needed comedy-relief.

Would shock-tactics be better? What we're thinking of is (for example) huge posters of Botticelli's "Primavera," with explanatory arrows; compulsory Maypole dancing and other fertility-rites under the ægis of the Folk Song and Dance Society, with tactful commentary by the B.B.C.; prisons exclusively for "one child only" landlords and estate-agents; films opening with a graphic silent sequence of the owl-haunted, bat-infested ruins of Harrow by moonlight, and ending with the last doddering survivor of the British Middle Class being cut by a Duchess . . . would this help to save the Middle Class from extinction? Does it really care much itself about its approaching doom? "*Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin,*" as the actress said to the bishop.

"But are these practical from the point of view of having them re-soled?"

Service

THE fact that some 20,000 blood-transfusion volunteers have registered for wartime duty in the London and Greater London areas alone, seems to show that human feeling in these islands has not yet been killed by humanitarianism and doggie-worship. But we didn't think Commander Stephen King-Hall's broadcast on this admirable national service, so simple and so charged with symbolism, touched on all its beneficent aspects. The transfusion of any approved volunteer's blood may save a life. What if the volunteer also happens to be (say) a county cricketer? One drop of cricketer's blood in the veins can not only save, but re-shape an entire human (British) life, making the recipient insensibly nobler and cleaner, more insistent on playing the game and keeping a straight bat, less tolerant of foreign wickedness and, if slightly dumber than before, more of a moral example to the world at large. You may remember Pasteur's famous experiment at the Hôtel-Dieu in 1885. Into the veins of a fierce, dark, unshaven rabies-stricken bull-herd from the Camargue, he injected 0·755 milligrams of the blood of Mr. H. W. T. G. Cooke, the well-known spin-bowler for the Gentlemen of England. The patient's skin at once turned white and his eyes turned blue. He stopped foaming and biting at his nurses, and asked quietly for a razor and a Cold Tub. Having shaved and bathed, he ordered eggs and bacon and the latest cricket news, after which, giving the French faces round him a look of cool distaste, he demanded a suit of decently-cut clothes, rose, dressed, and returned to his native Provence, where he founded the C.C.M. (Cricket-Club de Martigues), which has made the men of Provence the sahibs they are to-day.

Drive

AGRICULTURISTS, who are fined £5 an acre by the Potato Board for growing more potatoes than they are ordered to, are deeply impressed, one of them tells us, by the gyrations of the Eight Potato Girls now touring the seaside resorts at the Board's expense, to make the public potato-minded. The Eight Potato Girls have blue eyes, and long, slim legs, which they wave rhythmically in the air, and we have seen Press photographs of these devoted sweethearts actually eating potatoes in one form or another for breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner, so that the public may realise there's no phoney business about it. The extent of the impact on the dazed minds of the citizenry of the new scientific truth that potatoes (containing starch) make you slim and are essential, whereas only yesterday potatoes (containing starch) made you fat and were poison, has not so far been gauged by the Board's publicity experts, but we hear that some of the boys in Harley Street have already turned a deft back-somersault and are blandly muscling-in

on the ground-floor. Hence all those rich women you see nowadays sitting on the kerb, rolling bemused, helpless eyes, and getting their breath back.

Beak

GREEN face-powder, announced a member of the Society of Chemical Industry the other day, will effectively disguise a red nose; which is the best news some of our party-loving sweethearts have had for many a year. Excess of cordials and aquavitæ in the Middle Ages, of ratafia and brandy in the Age of Reason, of Bronxes and Sidecars in our own, has incarnadined many a fair young nozzle untimely, and ordinary facepowder—even the chalk ground for Queen Elizabeth, that raddled haybag, from the cliffs of Dover—is notoriously of no avail. On this account we greatly admire Queen Anne, known to her loving subjects as Brandy Nan, who scorned all camouflage and flourished her jolly old beak like an oriflamme as she galloped after hounds on a winter's day, the triple *motif* of red, white, and blue in her mottled features being perpetuated now for ever in our National Flag. Nor is there any æsthetic reason for the convention—mainly poetic—that noses should be white and cheeks pink. The contrary colour-scheme, in our ignoble view, is just as effective, and often more comforting. Nothing is more agreeable in a chilly grey wind-scourged landscape than the pink coats and crimson snouts of foxhunters, and we remember a red-nosed sergeant of the Line whose mere presence could warm up an entire trench knee-deep in freezing mud as pleasantly as a brazier.

Apart from girls devoted to the cocktail, it 's difficult to understand why women, who play so many curious tricks with their face, should steadily refrain from colouring its most salient feature in dainty tints. Rose-pink, old gold, Stuart green would have an obvious appeal, one would think. Pillar-box red would not only go nobly with green hair, but would display the same esprit-de-corps as the invention of the Augustan hoop-skirt. You remember Addison's tentative explanation of the hoop-skirt? Look it up in the *Spectator*. We 're too delicate to discuss such things in the presence of the mems, God bless them.

Melody

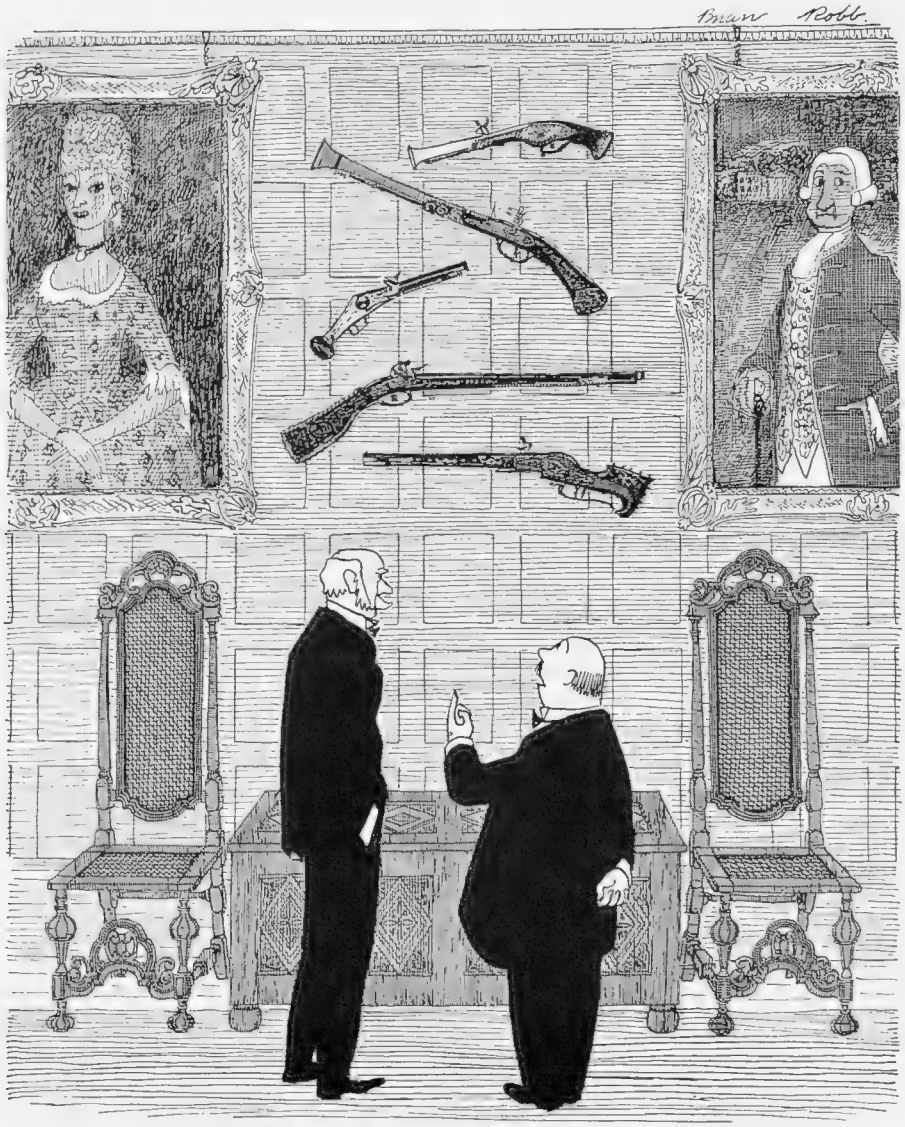
SIX thousand pianofortes, to begin with, have been ordered for the German Army by the Supreme Command, which should allay the fears of those who think Hitler has further militarist schemes up his sleeve. Your grandfather will tell you that until the Boers heard of all those officers' pianos being unloaded at Cape Town and Durban some forty years or more ago, they, too, had misgivings about the intention of the British Army. The Boers were wrong; it was just a picnic, as things turned out. Similarly, the Reich Supreme Command has given the lie to scaremongers. Music has a marked effect on Germans, bringing great tears to their blue eyes, and filling them with kind and dreamy thoughts, and piano-playing, said the news-item, "will in future receive greater official attention in the German Army than hitherto." So it may be that the Moonlight Sonata will soon be the test for promotion. One can see from here the despair of recruits who cannot manage the fingering of much easier pieces. "We must take the Raff with the smooth," their kindly instructors assure them, chuckling inwardly at the same time because they know full well this joke is good enough for *Punch*.

We take it the German troops will be taught early to master the pianoforte before it masters them. If you read our leading music critics, you will know how essential this is. A pianoforte, like a horse, must be shown who 's who, and apparently many poor little women who give recitals in London are scared of their pianos and let them get the upper hand. Not so (e.g.) Mark Hambourg, whose steely right-and-left is feared by many an arrogant overstrung Broadwood. Not so, either, that superb American clown, the late Herb Williams, who would kick his recalcitrant concert-grand suddenly in the slats and cause it to collapse, emitting a flood of hens, fruit, water, coal, and other articles found in pianos. And the celebrated piano in the Drones Club, frequented by Maestro Wodehouse's *jeunesse dorée*, had its proud spirit broken long ago by romping Crumpets and festive Woosters, showing that grey matter is desirable in a piano-trainer, but not essential.

Blackout

IN the South Coast hinterland the natives so enjoyed their recent blackout and A.R.P. exercises, even though no 'planes were up owing to the summer weather, that they 're looking forward keenly to the next. What makes such occasions so enjoyable is the fixed and general certitude that nobody will ever be unsporting enough to come over and drop real bombs. We gently cross-examined one or two of the locals, trying to discover on what grounds this certitude is based. It seems to be based simply on instinct and sound British common-sense, which cannot err. Hence the dilemma of a matronly A.R.P. worker we heard of who, towards midnight, was given charge of a "casualty," suffering from an imaginary but severe stomach-wound from a hypothetical bomb-splinter, who refused doggedly to have his shirt removed for first-aid. She implored him to play the game. "This may be the real thing before long!" she cried. Scowling furiously and clasping his torso with determined, ape-like arms, the modest hayseed replied in his traditional idiom: "Mubbe soa, mubbe noa," expressing cynical disbelief, and went on shaking his head, and his rescuer retired baffled.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Do you do much shooting, Sir James?"

Films of the Day

War-time Epic of a French Village

By George Campbell

INVENTORS, like Alexander Graham Bell (of whom I shall have more to say presently), always have a grievance. They perform some miracle—carry speech through the air, show you something happening ten miles away, make a waggon fly. And after the first startled gasp, people stifle a yawn and say, as they used to say to Sherlock Holmes: "Oh, so that's how it's done! Do you know, for the moment I thought you'd done something clever."

It is the same with the French film people. At least half a dozen times a year they turn out a masterpiece or near-masterpiece — things that would cause a furore and start highbrows wrangling about rhythm and overtones if they were made here or in America. But because they are French, the public and most of the critics behave as they would if you offered them a pre-phylloxera claret: they accept it complacently as just one of the marvels you expect to get from France.

Last week it was *Retour à l'Aube*, the brilliance of which was marred just a little by the fundamental meretriciousness of the story. Now it is *Hostages*, and this time one's enjoyment is unqualified. Story, treatment and acting are all perfect. Raymond Bernard takes you to a tiny village called Cherz-sur-Marne, and with a series of little brush strokes, light and loving and immensely skilful, paints the inhabitants against a background so real that if ever you visit Cherz you will be able to find your way about. At the moment the story opens, a party of men, disciplined, secretive and grim, are arriving at the station. Soldiers in mufti? Secret police? Gangsters? No. It turns out that for thirty years the leading landowner of the village has been conducting a law case against the Mayor. At last he has won. He has just been given a right-of-way through his neighbour's barn, and naturally is celebrating it by importing a brass band to lead the procession.

The time is August, the year 1914. One day comes disturbing news, indicated simply in a series of lovely shots of grave faces and men hurrying in from the fields driving horses and carrying scythes. Then the first man of the village is killed in action; and if it were news of another Sédan, the sense of grief and calamity could not be more oppressive. The councillors, wrangling over an anti-clerical resolution, unhesitatingly seek the aid of the curé. Nothing in the film is more imaginative than the simple sequence, showing the procession headed by the priest, to the home of the dead man's parents, with the villagers all watching fearfully lest the footsteps should stop at their door, and a young mother and her baby shadowed ominously by their passing.

Good news or bad, life goes on: the councillors dispute, the landowner and mayor insult each other, the village strategists enjoy themselves immensely with a big map and flags, showing how the German Army could be outflanked and defeated. "Pardonnez-moi," says a polite but guttural voice behind them; and a German officer takes one of the flags and jabs it into the name of the village.

So far the mood has ranged from the broadly comic to the gravely satirical; but a German officer is killed, and the commanding officer delivers an ultimatum. Either the murderer must be handed over, or the whole village will be destroyed. The Mayor induces him to compromise by accepting five hostages.

A film which has begun brilliantly rises to new distinction in the scene where the five await the dawn; and the anticlimax, delicious in its irony, of their return. Conscious of being heroes, as indeed they are, the five tramp joyfully along the road, only to panic madly into the woods when they see their womenfolk, looking unpleasantly like Germans in the dim light of morning, marching towards them. The twist is typical of a film which succeeds in blending satire and the most touching pathos more skilfully than anything I have seen since René Clair's *Sous les Toits de Paris*. *Hostages* lifts M. Bernard into the front rank of French directors, and the acting seemed to me quite faultless, from Saturnin Fabre, Larquey, Charpin and Annie Vernay down to the humblest of the villagers of Cherz-sur-Marne whom the director pressed into service.

"THE MODERN MIRACLE," in its less poetic American way, is a fine job too. In fact, Hollywood has sent us no film quite so good of its kind since *Pasteur* and *Zola*. It tells the story of Alexander Graham Bell, the Scots-American inventor of the telephone. All stories of struggle are exciting, and Bell's was quite heroic. He starved and was ridiculed, but kept going. One day, experimenting with acid, he burned himself and yelled (note the Victorian *politesse*): "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you!" His cry was heard by the faithful Watson in another part of the house; these, if the film is evidence, were the first words ever transmitted along a wire.

Bell's troubles were by no means over. He visited England to sell an instrument to Queen Victoria—an amusing little scene, discreetly handled—and in his absence the Western Union Corporation tried to take his patent rights. He won his case, with the aid of a love-letter written on the back of a bill which showed the date of his discovery—I presume this is authentic, too—and we leave him speculating, with the inventor's gleam in his eye, on the chances of flying.

Don Ameche plays Bell, Henry Fonda is Watson, and Loretta Young is the deaf wife to whom he taught lip-reading. Irving Cummings' direction is always competent and sincere, and in several sequences (as when the dumb child speaks his first word, "Fa-ther") achieves real emotional power.

"Les Otages," the hostages, is yet another winner from France, skilfully directed by Raymond Bernard and consummately acted not only by Charpin, Annie Vernay, Jean Paqui, and Larquey (left to right here), but by the whole population of the Marne village around which this war-time film centres. "Les Otages," reviewed on this page, is at the Paris

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Now say 'Polish Corridor'"

Lord's: Harrow's First Win for Thirty-One Years

Eton supporters *were Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden and their sons. Mr. Eden was at Eton, and his fifteen-year-old elder son Simon is there now. The younger, Nicholas, is nine this year. Most of the exciting second-day play took place in bright sunshine with a cool breeze blowing*

Harrow's victory *brought a huge crowd in fro*

Dr. Alington, *Eton's headmaster from 1916 to 1933 and now Dean of Durham, arrived after one of Friday morning's showers to watch Eton's first innings*

Two more Etonians *were the Duke of Buccleuch and Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, who is there now. The Buccleuchs had a big family party in their box, which included the Duchess of Gloucester*

Parents *watching their son play were Lord and Lady Halifax. Their youngest son, Richard Wood, made a respectable 26 for Eton in the first innings but only contributed 8 in the second*

of the pavilion who first cheered, then sang, then smashed hats

Hero of the match *was Harrow's E. Crutchley, who made the only century (115) in the first innings, 9 not out in the second, caught R. F. Wood. As everyone told everyone else, his father did much to win the last match Harrow won, in 1908. Eton made 268 and 156, and Harrow made 294 and 131 for two wickets, with a series of triumphant boundaries to end up*

On the Mound *was Lord Salisbury's coach as usual, with the usual tremendous family party around it. Here Lady Salisbury sits between Lady Airlie, wife of her nephew, and Lord Harlech, husband of her daughter. In front are her Etonian great-nephew, Lord Ogilvy, her Etonian grandson, the Hon. John Ormsby-Gore*

Harrow captain, *A. O. L. Lithgow, made 16, and a conquering 67 not out in the second innings. He keeps wicket for Harrow as Eton's captain does for Eton. Both are good enough to be justifiably commented on by their respective supporters as outstanding wicket-keepers*

Eton captain, *N. T. A. Fiennes, made 26 and 43, to which this stroke contributed a boundary off Boustead, and kept wicket for his side*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Čapek and the Czech Miners

By V. S. Pritchett

KAREL ČAPEK'S last novel, *The First Rescue Party* (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), is the story of an attempt to rescue three miners who have been trapped after a pit explosion. It is a slight book, but it is a little masterpiece, and I think the most satisfying novel he ever wrote. I use the word "little" advisedly, and I would add the word "parochial," but not in a derogatory sense. The small countries of Europe are springs feeding the main European stream, and if their writers are to attract us—think of the Spaniards, Martinez Sierra and the Quinteros, whose plays were done in London some years ago—it must be by qualities we have lost: sweetness, a limpid sentiment without sentimentality, and a simplicity fresh out of nature. When these writers set out to pass as one of ourselves, which they sometimes do very brilliantly, we are always conscious of the amateur and cosmopolitan. One felt that about the plays and scientific romances of Čapek. He was hesitant between the big world and the little world, and he was apt to alternate (to put it severely) between the brain-wave and the arch.

Čapek's real quality, which reaches maturity in this book, was a gift for singling out things with a childlike directness, and a parochial slyness and innocence. Where others complicated, he simplified. It is typical, in this novel, that the mine disaster, the men of the rescue party, their families and their individual histories are seen through a veil of innocence, through the mind of a timid, unhandy, day-dreaming and very innocent youth. Standa Pulpen is the boy among men, hero-worshipping, in love with them, confusedly in love with their wives and their homes, too, and he makes his blunders because he is always day-dreaming about declarations of love and heroic actions. There is nothing envious in Standa. Though he lies on his bedroom floor crazed with emotion so as to be nearer his beautiful and unhappy landlady, who sleeps below, he would not dare to speak to her, and his only desire is to bring her and her husband together. Then, the story moves from dream to reality. The accident happens, and Standa, from no heroic motive, but as one hypnotised, who does not know what he does, volunteers for the rescue party.

I have read many mining stories, but Capek's is different, because he has not got the pedal full down. Once more he singles out essentials. The men are working together, yet how little they know one another; nor when it is all over and they are back from the heaving seam and the cracking props, can they know each other better. Each one is merely a grown-up Standa acting without thinking, feeling or reflecting. Adam hardly knows why he has his passion for the dangerous seams; Matula, another, is lost in wonder at his own huge strength; the old grandpa of the party can't understand, after a lifetime, why they find the thing that kills so many of their fellows irresistible. Nor do they feel heroic; in fact, when volunteers are called for, they dodge the hero business by making a querulous show of disputing about the extra pay and bonuses, and telling the women to shut up. All this may be a fey view of the miners, and it can be complained of Čapek that fanciful writers miss the seriousness of human passions; but he is extraordinarily effective in particularising the humanity and courage of simple men.

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK," by Mrs. Nina Abbott (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), recalls *John Halifax, Gentleman*, with the saccharine removed, and seasoned by adultery without tears. This is a curious book, and its history is curious, too. In a foreword, Miss Naomi Jacob says she found the MS. among her mother's papers. If this is so—and, on the whole, allowing for a little touching-up in the writing, I should think it is—Miss Jacob certainly made a modest but interesting discovery. The scene is the manufacturing Yorkshire of the 'sixties; the Kendals are going up and marrying into the county. Robert Kendal would have been handled with severe irony by a modern novelist. He is another of those cautious, ambitious, soft-hearted, pig-headed Yorkshire chaps who betrays his wife, forces his daughter into a loveless marriage with an incredible naval officer, and sacrifices his mistress to get a baronetcy. Mrs. Abbott regards all this with an historian's affection. Yorkshire likes 'em hard. That 's how wives and husbands were in the East Riding; and though the treatment is slight, the portraits are judicious, balanced, and, under their conventional sentiment, quite shrewd. Adultery without consequences was one of the sunny Edwardian hopes, and this novel shares it. Adultery on principle succeeded it. But the sun shone brightest (Mrs. Abbott's book suggests), and the consequences were milder, when the Victorian habit of pretending adultery had not happened, prevailed.

Walter Crisham and Morna Stuart were looking at the portrait of Miss Stuart in Harry Maude Jonas's exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery. According to critic Eric Newton, it is the best picture Mr. Jonas shows, "a quiet harmonious picture that does justice to himself as well as his sitter." Morna Stuart is the author of "Traitor's Gate," the play about Saint Thomas More which ran at the Duke of York's last autumn

LADY ELEANOR SMITH'S *Life 's a Circus* (Longmans; 12s. 6d.) is a spirited and unaffected autobiography. They were rich and they ran wild in her childhood, and that is the pleasantest childhood to read about. Her father, roaring with rage or scorn and indulgent by turns, gave an erratic family its cue. At eleven, the author of *Red Wagon* was dividing an enquiring and undisciplined mind between Ibsen and *The Rainbow*. There was, apparently, gypsy blood in the Smiths. When Lord Birkenhead went to stay at Blenheim and secretly stabled his horses there, the Duke of Marlborough openly said: "F. E., you 're a damned horse-thieving scoundrel of a gypsy." F. E., as she says, was really a Regency Buck, but with more brains, born out of his time. The gypsy blood led Lady Eleanor to something in the nature of a conversion when she read Borrow, and she learned enough Romany at thirteen to declaim a speech of welcome to a dumbfounded local gypsy family discovered in the hedges one morning near her home. The daughter of a famous father, she had constantly to be fighting the belief that her later successes were due to his help or influence; but it is evident she always had enough guts, impetuosity and general liveliness to make her own way. In the circus, among the gypsies and bull-fighters of Spain, and even in that ghastly period—since repented of—when what were called "the bright young people" screeched on their treasure hunts about the streets of London, she was a leading spirit. As one who had run away from school, written a publishable novel at seventeen, and had been "drummed out" of an organisation called the Water Wagtail Patrol (see Girl Guides), she was not cut out for the conventional paths. But she does not scream and giggle it all at you as most of the tomboys do.

NOVELS recommended:

Dr. Norton's Wife. Mildred Walker. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d.)

Big Show. Charles Cooke. (Bles; 8s. 6d.)

Family Ties. Marguerite Steen. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)

Such Divinity. Geoffrey Trease. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)

East of the Giants. George R. Stewart. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)

Mary Cloud. Romilly Cavan. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)

Women in Uniform

6. The Land Army

The Women's Land Army can, surprisingly, claim a forty-year-old history. "Land Girls" date from 1899 when the Women's Farm and Garden Association was formed. This led a quiet and unpublicised life until the war when, substituting "Union" for "Association" in their name, they started training courses and the serious organisation of agricultural work for women. Their efficiency earned them official recognition from the Ministry of Agriculture, and on the foundation they had laid, the Women's Land Army was established in 1917. To-day in its reorganised form, the Land Army has enrolled 10,000, aims at 50,000 volunteers. Every county has its committee to interview volunteers, find out to what work they are suited, when they can do their training. Training may be on a farm or at one of the agricultural colleges and institutes. At present the Land Army is entirely voluntary, but in war-time rates of pay would be given in accordance with the agricultural wage of the district where the Land Girl worked

Land girls Gattey, Lancaster and Cooper wear the open-neck shirts, green sweaters, breeches, knitted stockings, stout shoes, round felt hats, which is the war-time rig-out. The uniform is thoroughly serviceable, and, worn with style, has a look of gallant and pleasing femininity. Peace-time trainees, however, are provided with less interesting clothes — an overall coat, dungarees and gumboots (see below)

The "Uniform" is Easy to Wear, Easy to Look At

The Land Girl Must Handle the Traditional Horse and Cart —

Volunteers C. Brough and Marianne Cox can harness and manage a farm horse and cart as skilfully as any man. Here they drive their rubber-tyred cart farmwards with a load of lucerne. Land Girls must also learn to handle horse-drawn machines such as reapers, rakes, rollers, ploughs, thistle-cutters. Many of them will spend their summer holidays this year on farms, gaining practical experience

— And the Ponderous Tractor

Special tractor-driving courses will be given to recruits this summer. The driving is not difficult to a motorist, but starting up the machine, which is not supplied with the luxury of a self-starter, is a hard task for a woman, especially in winter

E

Honorary Director *of the Women's Land Army is Lady Denman. She would take active control of the whole organisation in war-time. She is Lord Denman's wife and well known to many "Bystander" readers as president of the Ladies' Golf Union, from which position she retired this year*

Chairman *of the London Committee is Mrs. Walter Elliot, wife of the Minister of Health and former Minister of Agriculture. The County Committees which now run the Land Army were appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture*

Cheese-making *is dairy work at its most skilled. Daphne Tyler, a student at Sparsholt Farm Institute, was testing a Derbyshire cheese for acidity during the making*

Six hours *to make, three months at least to mature is the Derbyshire cheese programme. Kathleen Silk and Dorothy Adams, two more Sparsholt students, were adding and mixing salt with the curd which is then filled into a mould and put to press. This is part of an ordinary course at Sparsholt taken by girls who go there to study farming and dairywork as a peace-time profession*

The calf *was being fed by Miss Cockburn, a dairy-work instructor at Sparshot*

The piglets, *protesting vigorously, posed with Land Girl C. Brough. Pig breeding, rearing, and fattening would be a vital Land Army work in war-time*

The cow *will be milked by many unfamiliar hands this year. Every novice finds milking at least twice as difficult as she expected*

Women in Uniform

6. The Land Army (continued)

***Tomatoes** were being picked by Miss Schilthuis at Sparsholt. Horticulture will be an important study for the Land Army, since food production would become feverishly intensive in war-time*

***Horses** are less temperamental with the inexperienced than cows. Of these three volunteers, P. Gattey, E. Cooper and M. Lancaster, Miss Cooper did land work during her school holidays in the last war and liked it so much that she went straight to the Land Army as soon as it was organised, to take her training. By contrast she is a beauty specialist in professional life, is just about to open a beauty parlour in Mayfair*

***A rotary cultivator** is an unwieldy brute, which only goes straight in skilful hands. It combines the work of plough and harrow, is particularly useful in preparing land for market gardening. Miss Schilthuis demonstrated both this and the tractor on page 131 for the photographer*

***Rolling in seed** with a tandem team is fine, healthy exercise. Land Army work is certainly the kind of national service to appeal to girls who love the country and an open-air life. This year farmers are co-operating to provide short holiday courses for girls who are willing to pay board and lodging and railway fares. Sparsholt Farm Institute, where many of these pictures were taken, is the Hants County Council training centre near Winchester, one of the many agricultural establishments where Land Girls will go for training*

Fayer

The Duchess of Buccleuch Presented—

This Court-dress photograph shows the Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry in the white satin, pearls and diamonds which she wore to the first July Court to present her daughter to their Majesties. It was the culmination for Lady Elizabeth Scott of a season which has been notable for duchesses' parties (five debs came out under ducal chaperonage). The Duchess of Buccleuch, though she gave no dance for her daughter, has organised a great deal of entertaining with capability and evident pleasure. Now the family will be making plans for retiring from 2, Grosvenor Place to their native Scotland, where they have the choice of four residences, Bowhill, Selkirk (where they were last year), Eildon Hall, St. Boswells (where the Duke and Duchess have mostly lived since their marriage in 1921), Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire, and Dalkeith House

Fayer

—Her Daughter, Lady Elizabeth Scott

Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's elder daughter, has made an impression in London ball-rooms by her strong resemblance to her youthful mother. Added to this, she has the advantage of a remarkably wide debutante education; she has stayed with families in Munich and in Florence, and was sent back to Paris to finish between hunt ball time and Easter this year, after she had already attended some Scottish dances. She is therefore a linguist of standing. She has been brought up to a love of country life and outdoor sports like all the members of her family (including her aunt, the Duchess of Gloucester); she has a brother, Lord Dalkeith, a year younger, and a sister five years younger. Lady Elizabeth Scott wore at Court a silver lamé dress, a white net train edged with silver, and pearls

Lisa Serova, formerly Elizabeth Ruxton

Serova Takes a Riabouchinska Part—

Two English Dancers

Lisa Serova, one of the two leading English dancers (apart from Dolin) with Educational Ballets, is Army and Navy on both sides of her family, but her American grandmother, who took lessons as a child from Taglioni, wanted her to dance. She trained with Marie Rambert, danced at the Ballet Club, in the Markova-Dolin company. Known until this year chiefly for her Red Riding Hood in *Aurora's Wedding*, she has now developed into an important soloist. It says much for her artistry that she has succeeded in one of Riabouchinska's most perfect parts —the Child in *Jeux d'Enfants*. In *Choreartium* she has another Riabouchinska part, in *Symphonie Fantastique* a big First Movement solo. Her Polish husband, Victor Ganf, is in charge of the company's costumes

Nelidova as the Polovstian Girl in "Prince Igor"

In the First Movement

the Child in "Jeux d'Enfants"

Another Riabouchinska Part in the Third Movement of "Choreartium"

in the Russian Ballet

Photographs by Anthony

Vera Nelidova, formerly Betty Cuff

Vera Nelidova, the other English soloist of the company at Covent Garden, had an English actor grandfather, a Portuguese grandmother, and a childhood passion for dancing. Like Serova, she is a Ballet Club "product," having trained and made her first appearance with Mme. Rambert. She worked with Karsavina, with Spessivtsiva in Paris, and, like Serova, in *Waltzes from Vienna*. Then she joined the de Basil company, working her way steadily from the corps de ballet to her present position. Her most striking role is the Polovstian Girl in *Prince Igor*, which she dances with a quite un-English abandon and vigour. Besides her *Choreartium* solo, her parts include the Nurse in *Francesca da Rimini*, one of Florestan's sisters in *Aurora's Wedding*, an Odalisque in *Scheherazade*

of "Choreartium"

France—North and South

Deauville: at the Concours d'Élégance

Sunbathing Trio on the Monte Carlo Beach

Brown bodies on bright mattresses already litter most corners of the Riviera's beaches and bathing haunts. In another week's time there won't be an inch of space to spare. Mrs. Charles Knight was one of the people who started her Monte Carlo visit in mid-July. Sharing the sun and the awning with her are Ian Hamilton-Smith and Count Joseph Seilern

The Comtesse de la Cour and her three French poodles received as much of the crowd's admiring attention as any of the more orthodox exhibits at Deauville's recent Automobile Concours d'Élégance

Mme. Michel Dassonville, on the left, was sitting in the apéritif drinking crowd at the Bar du Soleil. She was Florrie Owen before her recent marriage to the millionaire industrialist from Roubaix

Captain and Mrs. Patrick Smyly (below) were on their shore-way after bathing. They were married a fortnight ago, and Deauville was the first stage of their honeymoon. Mrs. Smyly was Diana Mills

Deauville Apéritif

Deauville Honeymoon

Spiral of the Monte Carlo Follies

The Monte Carlo girls began their season when the Summer Sporting opened on July 18th. On the new spiral diving-platform at the Beach were ballet-master Eddy Hooper; the Dancing Girls, Roberta Huby, Ritz Elson, Sandy Harris, Una Sheppard, Myra Goad, Gerda Luderitz, Marie Louise van Damm, Anne Marie Bruck, Marjorie Murray; and the Show Girls, Diana Walkington, Ann Leigh, Elizabeth Atkinson, Gwen Marlowe, Maureen Allen

Gardener's Chronicle

Some Old-Fashioned Plants

By R. C. Jenkinson

Fuchsias

It is good to find this lovely race of shrubs coming back to fashion, so much so that the latest society of plant-lovers to be formed is the Fuchsia Society, whose inaugural show was held two weeks ago at Vincent Square. The interest shown in it was more than sufficient to justify a prophecy that as with camellias so with fuchsias: we shall soon all be growing them again. The object of the founders of the society is to seek out in old gardens long-forgotten species and varieties, and try out and exhibit some of the new species, chiefly from Western and Central America.

Of course, very few are hardy, but they are so readily rooted from cuttings and so easily lifted and wintered inside that a stock can always be maintained. The really hardy ones like Excorticata and Riccartonii, can be used for hedges—vide many of our sea coast resorts—or in an ordinary shrub border: the latter makes a very useful bedding plant. Cut it down every winter and it will send up 3-ft. shoots annually to flower in July onwards. I have seen it used thus as a ground-work for 8-ft. foliage of climbing roses and clematis Jackmannii, and for spring, May-flowering tulips were sprinkled liberally through the bed. In mild sheltered gardens in the south and west, several others grow rampantly outside, such as Fulgens and Corymbiflora and the fat hybrids like "Bally Girl," but most of us can only put these out of doors for the summer.

As pot plants they are lovely and of easy culture, and for those who have a cold plant house or conservatory, they are indispensable either as bushes or trained against a wall. I hope that the Society's Show and its first excellent Journal will encourage many more people to enjoy these plants.

Bold Foliage

People pay too little attention to fine-foliage plants, and those whose flowering spikes are of architectural beauty apart from their actual flower beauty, both in herbaceous plantings and in wild or woodland gardens. Gunnera, Rheum—the giant rhubarb—and Rodgersia are freely used by waterside: why not avail oneself of similar plants in other situations?

Now nothing is more decorative than the common artichoke with its large, beautifully cut silver leaves and stiff stout spikes crowned with purple globes. Bocconia the plume poppy, Echinops the sea thistle, and Eryngeum the sea hollies, are well known: but the giant cabbages and parsnips respectively called Crambe Cordifolia and Heracleum Giganteum, with their vast green leaves and foaming spires of white flowers, are all too seldom used. Acanthus Mollis—prototype of so many an architectural feature—with its dark glossy green, spiny leaves and erect 4-ft. spikes of rosy mauve is most attractive.

If my orchard or hedgerows did not grow me cow parsley I should certainly introduce it, for no finer "weed" exists, with its fat corrugated stems and nobbly buds opening to flat greenish-white flower-heads: indeed, one of the prettiest vases I have seen this year was of this plant, the sulphur Anthemis Buxton variety, and three or four spikes of Madonna lily. The ostrich plumes, infinitely more delicate in their tracery than those of the bird, of fennel, in green or purple, I would not be without, and seakale of lovely glaucous hue has no rival as a front-row silver border plant.

Phlox

Many an herbaceous border depends in late July upon phlox for its main show, except for the yellow and orange of the various sunflowers, and the colour variations are sufficient to suit everyone's taste: from white through mauve to deep purple and glowing magenta and through pink and salmon to crimson and cochineal scarlet.

But phlox hate drought, and I think they look their best in large colonies among shrubs in deep cool soil in half-shade, where although flowering a little later they certainly last longer. I once saw, on a gentle slope leading from the flower garden proper into the wild woodland, a great bank of pale pink crimson and magenta phlox mixed with the deep blue purple monkshood, Aconitum Napellus Sparks variety, and broad bands of the dwarf pale mauve Funkia Lanceolata in the foreground. Another pleasant planting was of one of the bright vermilion varieties—I think it was called Saladin—with the hot orange Anthemis Sancta-Johannis, a 2-ft. bushy Bulgarian. This was a hot bit of colour, but it was cooled down by inter-groupings of the soft amethystine blue of Catananche Cærulea.

I suggest one more combination: the magentas of the phloxes Rob Roy and San Antonio with the orange of Lilium Tigrinum Splendens freely interspersed. I saw this in dappled light and shade on the high banks of a stream and it was good.

Plants Unplanted—Why?

Perhaps it is the fault of writers or of those who show plants that while some are everyone's meat, others are most unjustly neglected.

Now Mr. William Robinson in *The English Flower Garden*, says of Baptisia Australis that it has lupin-like flowers—in this variety they are gentian blue—and seagreen trifoliate leaves, but adds that it is "seldom satisfactory in gardens though often grown." I venture to disagree. Mr. Robinson wrote this in 1889. I have known and grown the plant for 20 years in various gardens, yet find it very little known and an entirely satisfactory garden plant, forming ever-widening 3-ft. bushes plenteously bespiked with blue every June, when it is one of the joys of my garden.

St. Bernard and St. Bruno gave their names to two lovely members of the asphodel family. The former, the preacher of Crusades, has taken as his protégé the lesser of the two both in stature and beauty: Anphericum Liliago, with 18-in. stems of pure white starry flowers. St. Bruno's lily on the other hand is a snowy pearl of much price. From tufts of grassy foliage, rather like a day lily, Paradisea Liliastrum, as it is happily named, sends up 2-ft. or 3-ft. stems to hang out four or five trumpets 2 in. across like a Madonna lily in miniature; the form called Major is finer even than the type and should, therefore, be grown in preference. Do not isolate these plants; grow them in clumps and drifts with Lilium Martagon and Geranium Pratense as they grow in their native Alps.

Iris Laevigata: *this is the lovely Japanese iris with flowers of clear intense cobalt. It is here seen in full flower against the background of white rhododendrons, growing in deep, perpetually moist, peaty soil. Such is its thirst that in most gardens it is best planted with its toes actually in water*

"Bystander" Short Story

The Last Ghost

By H. T. W. Bousfield

Illustration by Alex Jardine

To normal people the life of a ghost must always have been pathetic. The humiliation of it! But the ghosts themselves, I really believe, were hardly conscious of their condition. Indeed, I happen to know that one of them for years resisted every well-meant effort to get him away.

I use the past tense because, of course, ghosts are not allowed any longer.

The particular ghost I knew was the most harmless thing in the world. A pathetic creature, almost a skeleton. He was always scrupulously clean and his clothes were tidy as well as threadbare. It wasn't his shabbiness; not even the gent's straw boater grown almost black with years (he always wore it) that made me, to my shame, try to avoid him.

It was the damned bad luck that he carried with him.

I know superstition is childish and crazy, but it really was a fact that if that ghost caught your eye you 'd lose your luck for the day.

The ghost himself—anybody could see—would have been the kindest person if he had ever had a chance to be nice to anybody. You 'd notice his face turning, his eyes pleading for some human companionship when he came in. But everybody at once would be looking everywhere else, or talking earnestly, or very pointedly getting on with the job.

Ghosts, of course, could only get into the kitchen. In their most generous period the Casino authorities never let them into the Salles Privées, and the Sporting Club was implacably out of bounds.

Why they let them into the place at all I could never discover, but the Anonymous Society of Sea Bathers, or whatever the Casino really calls itself, had a heart in those days. If it did not encourage tramps, a really ruined gambler could get a free passage home (third class), and sometimes in special cases if he could prove that he had no home left to go to, even a pension that would just about keep body and soul together in the least fashionable quarter of the town.

Let 's be cynical and admit they made on the bargain. Suicides are a poor advertisement, and Monte Carlo has always, with justice, prided itself upon its absolute integrity. It resisted, therefore, the legend that pistols popped nightly on the terraces and bodies were collected every morning.

Not only was the Casino charitable, it was kindly. It was aware that gambling can be such a passion that the mere sight of a roulette-wheel, turning for other people, is itself a solace, so a ghost could always wander in and stand behind the players and watch and gloat or lament, just as if it were his money that mounted or disappeared.

But if any player caught the eye of a ghost—worse still, if a player spoke to such—then good-bye to fortune for that day.

The ghost that I in my youth and innocence was fool enough to talk to, was the last of them all. Whenever he came into the kitchen where I often economically risked a few five-franc pieces, I lost, and if he smiled at me I half-expected to get my pocket picked as well.

His name was Tarrant and his story was less interesting than his finish. His story was just that of a fool whose folly became a mania. His end shows that even maniacs get tired.

Captain Tarrant had enjoyed his youth with those who inherited the wealth that made late Victorian times so pleasant for the wealthy. His birth-spoon had been golden; but when he discovered roulette, with single-minded enthusiasm he threw everything else overboard.

At first, I gathered, he 'd made the traditional success of a beginner, so when the winnings were spent, of course, he came back for more, and when luck left him he became the systems king. If those systems had done their stuff on the night as they invariably did it at rehearsals, he could have bought the National Debt.

They didn't. He ran them day and night. He lost all his considerable fortune. And then he applied for the ghost's pension and he was not refused.

After all, there was always the chance that some rich acquaintance might be picked up who would lend a few francs and play them for him. Then he might buy back the right to play himself, and work yet another system and this time beat the bank.

Captain Tarrant apparently had some success at first in picking up strangers who, having had a good dinner, would risk a plaque for him in return for experienced advice, but then, his famous straw hat began to go black and his shirts grew frayed and his shoes cracked and he became very thin.

And then even strangers asked who he was before they parted with so much as a five-franc piece, and they learned of the curse on a ghost.

Tarrant's family, to do them justice, after a year or so, forgave him. They tried to get him home. They sought out his fierce and cynical landlady in the shabby quarter of the Condamine where he lodged and paid her to feed him and clothe him.

But he saved any food he could sell and he sold any new clothes that might turn up in his room. And every penny so obtained he would persuade some innocent newcomer to stake for him. And every time he lost.

In the end, his family gave him up as hopeless, and who could blame them?

On one day only in the year could such a ghost play—on the Prince's birthday. After all, as the Casino provided funds to run the entire Principality, it was not likely that native Monégasques should be allowed to ruin themselves. The Casino wanted foreigners' money, and nobody else's. So always on the Prince's birthday Tarrant found somebody foolish enough to give him something to play with. Always with the same result. For years and years he lost. Each year the difficulty of raising those few essential francs grew greater, and each year they fled quicker when he played them.

When he grew old, as old men will, he found it increasingly difficult to sleep in the early morning, so he would get up and wander over the rocks on the seashore, thinking up new and more laborious systems to beat the limit and luck itself.

Since the year in which I met him was his last year, it happened that one way and another I learned the end of the affair.

Tarrant was up at dawn on that year's festival, and for the first time he had no money at all. His landlady had long reduced his daily ration to the minimum she knew he must eat, and though she still received a small regular sum from England to keep his clothes in some sort of order, like a frugal woman she had ceased to bother because she saw no reason why she should buy articles which he pawned instead of wearing.

Nobody came any more to inquire whether she was keeping her part of the bargain.

Tarrant on that morning was idling about on the water's edge and racking his one-track mind for some way of raising even ten francs to play with at the opening hour—

(*Continued on page 142*).

Queen Mary, as Colonel-in-Chief, the 13th/18th Royal Hussars, spent four hours with recruits at Shorncliffe, said "You have started a new life"

The Militia Falls In

This month saw the first involuntary men in uniform (34,000 of them) in this country since the days of the press gangs and the psychological importance of conscription was well impressed on all observers by notable inspections of the first "twenties." On this page three militia-reviewers represent our hereditary monarchy, our elected ministry and the military command

***Lt.-Gen. Sir John Dill,** G.O.C.-in-Chief, Aldershot, visited various depots under his command, tried the recruits' food, said "They are a fine type"*

***Mr. Hore-Belisha,** the War Minister, inspected recruits to the Queen's Royal Regiment at Guildford, said "You are guests of the nation—we want to treat you well"*

The Last Ghost

(Continued from page 140)

nine o'clock—when he would be admitted with the Prince's grateful subjects to the kitchen. If there had been anyone to murder he might even have murdered for a five-franc piece. He felt weak, and in the back of his mind grew the first terrifying suspicion that perhaps he might never win after all.

Hitherto he had always dismissed any such idea. Of course he would win, and with a great fortune go home and buy back his property and triumph over his family, if they still remembered him, and wipe out the humiliation of the years. But now——

Some distance away on his left he vaguely noted a woman sitting on a rock—a foreigner, judging by her clothes. Such a person at that hour was unusual, but Tarrant wasn't interested. He was weighing for the thousandth time the conflicting appeals of zero, the middle dozen, the avant dernier, or dix-sept (the unlucky gambler's luck) en plein. And then again he remembered his empty pockets, and he almost wept.

A thin, sharp scream roused him. He looked up. The woman had disappeared.

It is, I suppose, a fundamental human instinct to help another human in distress. Captain Tarrant for a moment forgot his years and his madness, and if he had had the strength he would have run. The woman, when he reached her, had slipped—because her shoes were quite unsuitable for rocks and weed—and either she had fainted or she was stunned. A pretty creature, almost a child, though Tarrant did not at once notice that, and very fair. Her bag, half in a pool, had opened.

The instinct to rescue was still uppermost, I am sure. Only an instinct of tidiness, and because the thing was between him and her, made him pick up the bag before he picked up the girl. He peered into it vaguely and then he started; and then he fumbled and closed it and held it in his hand.

A sudden excitement shook him, and he found himself almost giggling as he raised her. "Oh!" she said, and opened her eyes.

"You slipped," he stammered. "Are you all right?"

She looked at him, at his threadbare suit, his incredible straw hat, and then at his face. Her first alarm at a tramp died away. Tarrant looked shabby but very safe.

"Ow!" she said childishly. "I think I've sprained my ankle, and I've bumped my head. Oh, it *hurts*!"

"Let me help you up."

He half-lifted, half-dragged her clear of the water—she could help herself a little—and sat her on a rock.

"My bag!" she said.

He gave it to her. "I'm afraid it's rather wet."

To his dismay she immediately opened it and hunted feverishly through it. Finally, she turned it upside down and inside out. She gazed at him with horror. "It's gone!" she whispered.

For a moment Tarrant had thoughts of flight, but he did not commit that folly. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Isn't that your bag?"

"It's my bag," said the girl, "but my money—that's gone! Oh, help me look! It must have dropped out."

"How much was there?" Tarrant began, busily poking about, but the girl was crying.

"No use," she said. "In this wind it must have blown miles. Oh, what a *fool* I've been, and now I shall never, never get away!" She cried loudly, hopelessly, like a baby. Tarrant was terribly distressed.

"But what—er—what was it?" he stammered. "A mille note?"

"A fiver!" she sobbed. "An English five-pound note, and now I haven't a penny in the world, and I must get to Menton to-day—I must, I must!"

Tarrant stood breathing heavily. He regarded her. She was well-dressed, almost expensively dressed as far as he (who had never looked at a woman to wonder about her for thirty years) could tell. Certainly she did not convey the impression that her whole fortune could be one five-pound note.

"Well, why don't you *look*?" she exploded. "Oh, help me up! I *must* find it!"

"But if it's blown away——" said Tarrant helplessly.

"But it may have caught on something." She grabbed his arm and clambered to her feet and then hit her strained ankle on a rock. For a moment they staggered together like a couple of marathon dancers, and then she collapsed again.

This time she didn't cry. She just stared at him, taking in all his desperate, clean shabbiness. There was a sudden suspicion in her eye.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. "You're English. Are you a visitor?"

"Yes—er—and no," said Tarrant unhappily. "I'm a visitor, of course, in that I'm not a Monégasque, but I'm not a usual visitor. Er—that is, of course, I haven't come here to gamble, and so on." He was thinking frantically. "I'm interested in fish—that's it—deep-sea fish. You know the Prince has the most famous collection of deep-sea fish in the world in his museum? Well, I'm—er—studying them, and so forth."

She nodded. "Oh, you're a professor?"

"Yes, said Tarrant, "a professor, that's it."

She looked relieved.

"And I was walking along the beach and I heard you call out. I was rather surprised to see you. One doesn't usually see English visitors on this bit of the coast. Can I help you in any way?"

She stopped dabbing her eyes with a very inadequate handkerchief and stared at him for a moment.

"You look kind and wise, I think," she said. "Are you wise enough, do you think, to help me? Don't imagine I want to borrow a lot of money, but I *must* have someone help me."

"I fear I am not very practised at helping young ladies, but what can I do? How is it that your whole fortune consists of one five-pound note and you come out so early and—er—lose it in the wind?"

"Professor," she said, "I don't know whether you've a daughter of your own; I expect not. But you may have been in love once. Were you ever?"

Tarrant looked at her big brown eyes and something stirred in his memory—something so long hidden by monomania.

"Yes," he said, almost with an air of surprise. "I have been in love and I have been young. I suppose you mean you are having some sort of trouble, with your husband perhaps?"

"Oh, *no*," she said. "*No*, it's worse than that." She caught at his leg. "Professor, you *must* help me!"

Tarrant was gazing out to sea. He did not look at her or make any move to sit down. "I will do what I can," he said impersonally, "if you care to tell me, but I'm rather a recluse, and as it happens this morning I expect to be rather—er—busy."

"Then I'll be quick," she said.

"I asked you just now if you'd ever been in love. You say you have; then you'll understand, because I'm in love—terribly in love. I'm in love with the most wonderful and splendid person in the world. We were going to be married to-day." She choked a little.

"I say 'were,' because now I've lost that five pounds we can't be."

"I don't understand," said Tarrant. "How can the loss of a five-pound note stop your marriage? Hasn't he got any money?"

"Of course you don't understand," she said patiently. "We can't be married because I can't get to him without any money. He's at Menton. I'm supposed to meet him there—at the station at twelve o'clock. And now I can't *get* there. Now do you see?"

"Not very well, I confess," said Tarrant. He sat down. "Don't you think you'd better tell me the story properly?"

"I'm a shop-girl," she said abruptly, "a mannequin and a sales-girl—that's why, of course, his relations wouldn't hear of his marrying me. I had quite a good job at Gaston's, in Dover Street, but I could quite see he ought to marry someone—well, someone of his own sort. So when he told me his mother and father wouldn't meet me, I thought they were right from their point of view, and I loved him too much to spoil things. So I got myself transferred to Paris."

She waited a little. "Go on," said Tarrant.

"Of course, he found me in Paris, and he came over—but I still held out, because I loved him so much. Do you understand loving anybody so much that you'd even give them up?"

"Go on," said Tarrant.

"But I couldn't bear it in Paris—seeing him every day, I mean. So I managed to get transferred to Gaston's place here when the season opened. Of course, he would never follow me here. He's superstitious about Monte Carlo; isn't that funny? But for some reason I *hated* it. Business hasn't been very good and Madame—the manageress—has some spite against me. I don't like the people. I've been so lonely. Then I tried to gamble, and I lost.

"Finally, I gave in. I wrote to John and said I did love him and I would marry him, and he wired that he'd come straight out to Menton and meet me at twelve o'clock to-day at the station, and we'd be married.

"That was yesterday. I was so happy I was in heaven. I told Madame exactly where she got off! I expect I behaved like a little lunatic. Then I went back to my rooms and packed, and I was still too excited to sit still or do anything, so I went to the Casino again—for the second time—and I gambled and I lost all my money. All the money I'd meant to spend on pretty things, on a trousseau. I lost everything, except, of course, my mascot five-pound note, which I kept in the bottom of my trunk folded quite small into eight—you know, half, quarter, eight—because eight is always my lucky number. I was born on August the eighth, and I met John first on my birthday.

"I couldn't sleep last night, thinking what a fool I'd been, and how stupid John would think I was—particularly because he hates Monte Carlo so much. And so I got up early and I put my mascot fiver in my bag for safety—I thought I daren't leave it out of my sight—and I came out, and now——"

She began to cry again.

"It doesn't cost five pounds to get from here to Menton, you know," said Tarrant.

"But it does when you've got to pay your rent before you can get your clothes. And even if I pawned a coat I couldn't wire to John because I don't know how to get hold of him. Can't you see? I can't wire to a man at a railway station.

"Besides, would he ever forgive me for gambling, because he *knows* I know what he thinks about Monte Carlo?"

"Your young man seems to have very strong views about Monte Carlo. May I ask why?"

"Oh, John says it's because he's a Tarrant." She picked up some pebbles and miserably flipped them towards the sea. "He says he had an uncle who came here years ago and disgraced the family and lost nearly all the family money, or something. Anyway, this uncle seems to have made the very name Tarrant a laughing-stock. In the end, I believe the Casino gave him a pension, and though everybody tried to get him to come home, he wouldn't.

(Concluded on page 154)

Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Dover Street Studios

"BY the Right . . . Forward!" is the "first command to the line" for the new autumn hats. You'll notice the slope and the "eagerness" of them. This movement is pronounced in the collections. Some hats jut forward like the prow of a ship. The Glengarry is a typical forward-line shape which you must watch. Even the draped turban may slide to the right and follow the line of a profile hat. The "Beefeater" crown will also be featured. Watch, too, for the beret, very high, and also a halo beret with the low back fitting which characterises all these autumn hats. In some models the deep back is emphasised by loops of satin or moire ribbon arranged in a kind of "bustle." The hats on this page typify two of the seasonal trends. Above, a toque which shows a modified interpretation of the new "eagerness." It is made in "Melusine," a soft, furry, beaver-like material, and trimmed with black bows and chenille-dotted veiling. Its soft whiteness is infinitely becoming to the face. The smaller picture shows a draped halo-beret in antelope. This is very deep at the back, where it is finished with a small bow. Both these models are from the new collection at Harrods, Knightsbridge

Going North . . .

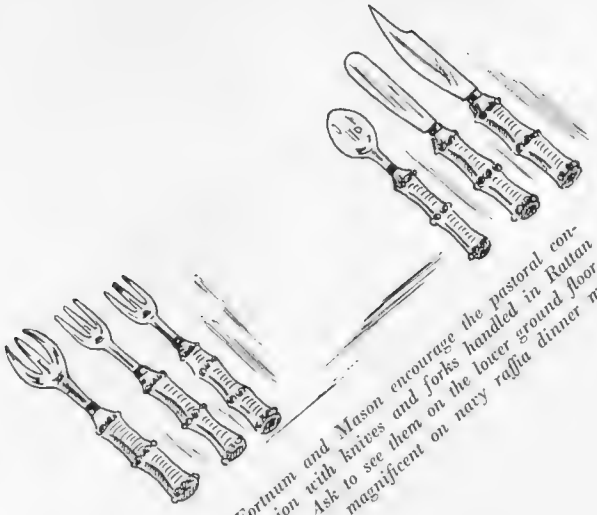
NORTH to the moors and the pine trees, and your engagements will require fairly sturdy footwork: Dolcis recommend the shoes above for the hearty kind of holiday. The first is made in rex calf—specially good in a rusty brown colour with tweeds. It has a plait trimming and an extra welt, and costs 35s. With a flannel suit the two-coloured golf shoe, in brogued calf and white buck. This is a tough "I-can-take-it" model, too, for Scottish courses are often damp; and the "rough" over the Border usually deserves consideration—and respect. This shoe has a well-ridged sole and costs 25s. 9d. The shoe at the extreme right will take you over any country, and short of wearing fisherman's waders you couldn't keep your feet drier. They're made in elephant calf, dark-brown, with a dull, grained surface. The dark-coloured leather won't stain with peatbogs, and the dull surface allows you to oil the shoes for greater protection if you wish. Underneath, a generally useful model, which will be as comfy as bedroom slippers. They're made in soft sports suède — and in case that's not enough the vamps are plaited. There's a thick crêpe-rubber sole and a choice of tan, sea-sand or navy, for 35s. 9d.

SOUTH among the palms and the sunshine, and when you take that West Indian cruise you'll need shoes like these. They come (as do the others on this page) from Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street. With your pretty summer frocks, the white buck Court shown on the left. It has a strap heel and cut-away toe, and is piped with black patent or blue or tan kid. The price is 35s. With slacks on deck you'll like the low-heeled sandals in the middle picture. They have a casual "nothing-to-do-and-all-day-to-do-it" atmosphere which you'll fall for on sight. There's plenty of choice in colour, too: white and blue or white and tan, chamois and navy, or all-black. For shore trips and when you want to look every inch an Englishwoman the two-colour lace-ups have a very well-bred air, and will complement a linen "tailor" perfectly. The low heels are an advantage, too. You can choose them in white and blue or white and tan. Back on deck, getting brown and beautiful in the sunshine, you must put on the "Playboy," seen on the right. The essential bits are made of white linen and non-skid sole, and everything is tied on with a spotted scarf (21s.)

Going South . . .

Scott Bushe

the bystander twins discovered by peta pictured by pam in search of novelties



Fortnum and Mason encourage the pastoral convention with knives and forks handled in Rattan cane. Ask to see them on the lower ground floor: they look magnificent on navy raffia dinner mats

For the light-hearted joys of summer, and to go with your prettiest prints and your most youthful evening dresses, you must have a floral perfume. A specially attractive and realistic one is Floris honeysuckle

The group above shows Bathofloris, face powder and perfume, all in Floris' delightful honeysuckle perfume. The bath essence costs 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and upwards, and the perfume 6s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and upwards. Powder is 3s. 6d. and 5s. a box. The spray, in a deep amethyst colour, costs 37s. 6d. (Floris, 89, Jermyn Street)

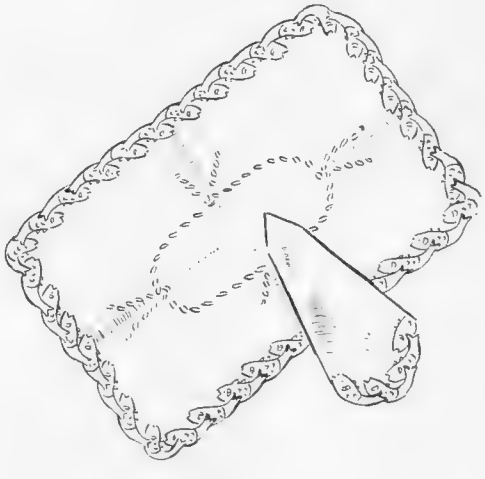


Table linen for your most upstage parties: the mats are pale green organdie appliquéd with "natural" cambric linen fishes; the napkins are cambric with green fishes; £5 5s. the set for eight people. Above, a guest towel, shell-embroidered, and in every colour you can imagine. (Marghab, 129, Mount Street)

Fortnum's travel hat can be packed in your suit case, for it obligingly shuts up on the picnic tumbler principle. Made in straw mounted on chiffon, it is unbelievably light to wear. In a grand selection of colours and straws, 49s. 6d. (Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly)

The North Atlantic Air Ferry

By Charles Ward

First Across

An air event of some significance to Britain occurred a few days ago when the R.A.F. took delivery of a flying-boat that had been ferried from California. Not that the "Consolidated 28-5" needed proof of its reliability or range, for in service with the United States Navy, formation flights of this type have become routine between San Diego and Honolulu. The demonstration is of value as an illustration of the ease with which an air fleet, civil, military or naval, can be reinforced from any part of the world. Our picture does not show one of the most interesting features of the boat. Its floats retract upwards and outwards to form the wing-tips, thereby contributing to the support of the 'plane in the air and lessening head resistance. Speed across the Atlantic was maintained at about 180 miles an hour at an average height of 13,000 ft. Bombers from Canada will share the honours with further boats from the States in flying the Atlantic towards the end of the year. Another notable flight of recent date was that of the "Guba," an American flying-boat chartered by the Australian Government to survey the Indian Ocean route to England. After reaching Mombasa, the boat crossed Africa non-stop, landing at Dakar, which is the eastern terminal of the French line to Brazil. From Dakar it flew the Atlantic to the West Indies—3200 miles in a matter of 19 hours. This is a timely reminder that plans for the British service to South America are getting out of date. The merger between Imperial and British Airways has not helped matters, for there has been so much work to do in organising the new Corporation that some practical development has been neglected. Our principal needs to start the service are aircraft, personnel and an agreement with Spain.

The Grand Old Lady

"Heracles," the veteran Imperial Airways liner, has become news again. This famous aircraft has just emerged successfully from an eighth annual examination for her official certificate of airworthiness. "Heracles" was commissioned in 1931, and her log-book shows over 13,000 hours in the air for a total distance of 1,300,000 miles. During this period of service she has carried more than 100,000 passengers. The overhaul showed that there were no major parts needing renewal. Although no longer employed in carrying passengers between London and Paris, she will enjoy a further spell of useful life, probably as a relief mailplane across Africa or the Arabian Desert. Her place as regards size and airy comfort is now occupied by the "Ensign" class, one of which is used on the Paris route. New engines and propellers have given this type a new lease of life. Even higher speeds are expected when the American engines are installed, though this may not occur till next year.

The Moth "Minor"

When the "Minor" was announced last year at the time when the C.A.G. was formed, the first order came from the R.A.F. Flying Club, and this has now been fulfilled. The Club was formed in 1933, its object being to provide officers on the Reserve with facilities for inexpensive private flying. Squadron Leader R. E. G. Brittain, son of Sir Harry Brittain, was the first chairman. Membership has been extended to both present and past officers of the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm, their Reserves and Auxiliaries, and there are now approximately 400 members. The charges are low and facilities are offered for flying abroad, which cannot be enjoyed in Service aircraft. The home flying rate is £1 per hour, including insurance, fuel and oil. For flying abroad the charge is £2 per day including carnet and insurance but excluding fuel and oil. The flying qualification is 100 hours solo with "A" or "B" Licence. Members enjoy the amenities at Hatfield, including a swimming-pool, squash courts and tennis courts. H.M. the King is Patron and Lord Trenchard has been President since the inception six years ago. The present chairman is W. A. Hammerton and the vice-chairmen are Captain A. G. Lamplugh and C. Keith Robinson. Flying Officer R. G. Weighill is honorary secretary. The fleet comprises two Moth "Minors" for open-air flying and two "Hornet" Moths for cabin travel. Other early deliveries of "Minors" from de Havillands include two for the Lancashire Club and others for India, South Africa, and Australia.

From the Tarmac

The de Havilland "Flamingo," pronounced success, is already in service with Jersey Airways, and will make the journey between Heston and the Channel Islands several times a day. Cruising speed is above 200 miles an hour, so that the schedule of one hour for the trip can be maintained with ease. Whether for holidays or for business, this air route has taken the cream of the traffic from rail and sea. The new airport at Boulogne, immediately south of the town and close to the sea, will be useful to pilots of single-engined light 'planes wanting fuel or weather reports before crossing the Channel to England.

This American boat, the first of six being delivered to the R.A.F. by air, was flown from San Diego, Cal., to Felixstowe, Suf., with one halt en route at Botwood, which is the marine airport for Newfoundland. It bears a striking resemblance to the Blackburn "Nile," designed for the African air route ten years ago

Charles E. Brown

The Invalides, as seen from a British bomber, one of the "Wellingtons" which led a column of hundreds of French and British aircraft over Paris for the "Quatorze Juillet." This exclusive photograph was taken by special permission of the authorities

The Stars

Their Comings and Goings

Peter Bull, Barbara Cochran, Robert Morley and Three Ices

Peter Bull's summer theatre at Perranporth, one of the pioneers of the now so numerous summer theatres in the country, is in its season on the Cornish coast. Much lustre is added to it this year by the continued presence in the company of Robert Morley, Hollywood's Louis XV., New York's Oscar Wilde and author of London's "Goodness, How Sad!". Here Morley, actress Barbara Cochran, and manager Peter Bull regale themselves in good old English style

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Garat

Henri Garat, the French film star who was cited as co-respondent in the Cunningham-Reid divorce, married at the Mairie of the 16th Arrondissement, Paris, Countess Mary Tchernicheff-Bezobrasoff, a Russian girl who came to his studio to get work as an extra. Garat is of Roumanian orgin

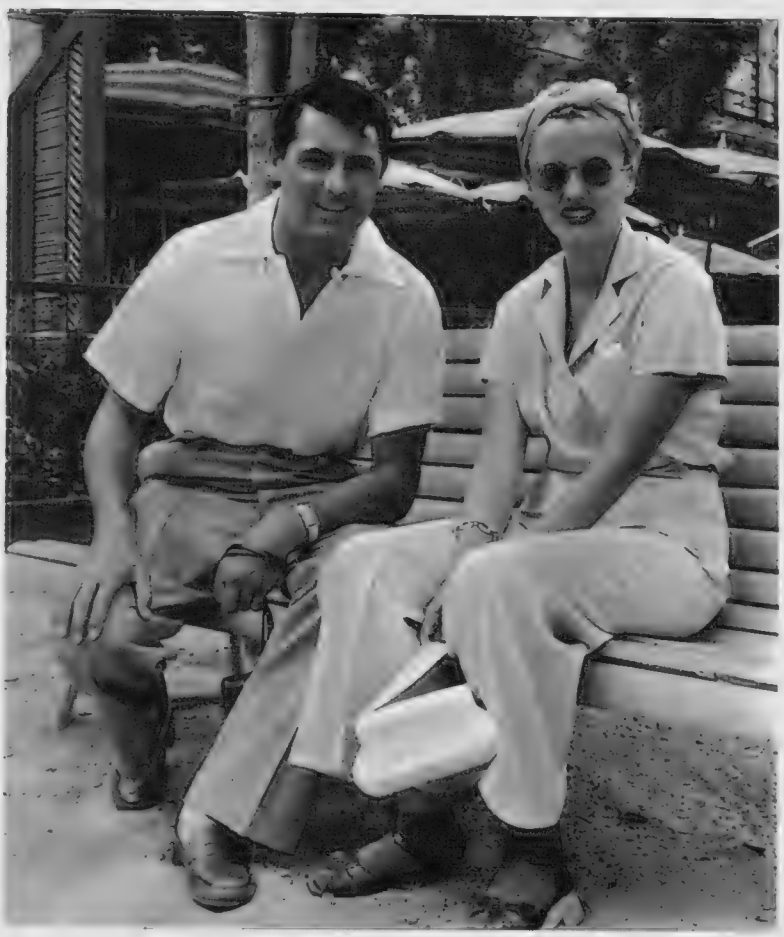
Honeymooners — Seventh Month

The honeymooners, who started from the States in December, are Mr. and Mrs. Myrle Alderman, now in London. Mrs. Alderman is Ruth Etting, America's highest-paid radio torch singer, whose former husband, Colonel Martin Snyder, is now doing "not more than twenty years" for trying to shoot Alderman during his engagement to Ruth

Meeting Miss Bennett

Constance Bennett, most lovely of the famous film sisters, was an arrival at Waterloo on the Normandie boat train last week, was met by Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (behind) and her very filmic nephew and niece, the Bleck children, he in buckle shoes and string gauntlets, she beribboned and camera-unshy

Cary Grant's honeymoon trip to Venice is not dictated purely by pleasure; as a film star, he is there to attend the annual film congress and exhibition whose awards are so unbiassed. His wife is an English film actress, Phyllis Brooks



Honeymooners — Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant in Venice

Social Register (Continued)

A CHRISTENING

Sir Archibald and Lady Hope's Son and Heir

John Carl Alexander Hope of Craighall was christened last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, where his parents were married in April last year. His father, Sir Archibald Hope, is the seventeenth baronet, and owns Pinkie House, Musselburgh. His wife was Ruth Davis, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Davis, of Fryern, Storrington, Sussex

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

Sir Basil Goulding and Miss Valerie Monckton

Sir Basil Goulding, of Hillbrook, Castleknock, Co. Dublin, is the third baronet, succeeding in 1935, is a former Oxford Soccer captain and a leading Irish cricketer, is chairman of the family business and director of two others, including the Imperial Smelting Corporation. His step-father, Stanley Adams, is managing director of Thomas Cook's. Valerie Monckton is the only daughter of Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall, and Lady Monckton, of 28a, Cadogan Place, S.W.1. Their engagement was announced last Thursday

WEDDING GUESTS

Miss Primula Rollo, Lord Frederick Cambridge

Smoking cigarettes by the fountain in the lovely garden of Holme House, Regent's Park, after the Brassey-Kingscote wedding, were Primula Rollo, daughter of Lady Kathleen Rollo, and a Wiltshire neighbour of the bride and bride-groom, and Captain Lord Frederick Cambridge. He is in the Coldstream Guards and brother of Lord Cambridge

Lady Anne Hunloke and Her Daughter

Lady Anne Hunloke took her nine-year-old daughter, Philippa, to the Brassey-Kingscote wedding, at which her son, Timothy, was a page. She and her husband, Henry Hunloke, M.P., have a younger son born in April and christened Nicholas Victor last month

Capt. and Mrs. Merr

Little Davina Merry w
child attendants, in ivo
wreaths. She and her ostric
lifted into the reception
while her mother carried h
Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydel

Sir Lionel Phillips, Miss Parker

Another engaged baronet is Sir Lionel Phillips, who succeeded his grandfather three years ago. His fiancée is Camilla Parker, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Parker, of 22, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.

WEDDING PARENTS

The Countess of Bradford

Lady Bradford was photographed at the wedding of her daughter, Lady Anne Bridgeman, to Lord Cowdray (see p. 119). She is the eldest of Lord Aberdare's three sisters — the other two are Lady Rosebery and Lady Digby—and married Lord Bradford in 1904. One way and another, the bride and bridegroom are connected with about a dozen of the big families of the country, including the Dukes of Marlborough and Atholl (bridegroom), Buccleuch and Norfolk (bride)

Mrs. Kingscote, Colonel Edgar Brassey

The bride's mother and the bridegroom's father were photographed after the Hugh Brassey-Joyce Kingscote wedding last Tuesday. They both live in Wiltshire, Colonel Brassey at Dauntsey Park, Chippenham, and Mrs. Kingscote at Pinkney Court, Malmesbury

Miss Wakefield-Saunders, Lady Brougham & Vaux

Georgina Wakefield-Saunders and Lady Brougham and Vaux stood in Mount Street after Lord Cowdray and the new Lady Cowdray had left for their honeymoon. The reception was at the bridegroom's mother's house

and Their Daughter

one of Joyce Kingscote's eight satin with scarlet carnation feather cape were comically her father, Capt. Eion Merry, hat. The reception was at the Bouverie's Regent's Park house

Four more guests at the Cowdray-Bridgeman wedding were Clare Phipps, Lady Sybil Phipps' debutante daughter, Miss Meynell, Ursula Wyndham - Quin, another debutante, and her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Valentine Wyndham - Quin

Miss Phipps, Miss Meynell, Miss Wyndham-Quin, Mrs. Wyndham-Quin

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Losers at St. Andrews

After a championship, we always hear a lot about the winner, but seldom very much about the losers. Often a man comes within an ace of victory, yet nobody hears that, but for some unsung bit of bad luck, a certain player would most probably have won. I must say that I thought Alfred Perry was very unlucky at St. Andrews this year. I saw a great deal of his play, as I fancied him to win. I saw every shot Alex Kyle played in his last four rounds at Hoylake, and I shall be very surprised if anyone else did so. I thought that, after Hector Thomson was beaten, he would win. I watched much of Perry's play at St. Andrews for the same reason. Perry played under a considerable handicap, as he was recovering from tonsilitis, and was consequently not very fit. His first qualifying round was played on the Old Course, and was a very impressive performance for a man whose legs were so weak that he had difficulty in hitting against his left side. He was round in 74, which does not sound particularly good, but it was due to nothing going right, more than to bad shots, that he did not return a better score. He was very unlucky at the fourth, where a perfect second, which in the air looked like giving him a putt for a three, kicked cruelly to the left against the slope of the green into a bunker.

At the eighth he took three putts from a very short distance, due, in my opinion, to a mixture of tiredness plus carelessness. His only other shot which was not perfect, was his second to the sixteenth hole, which pitched over the green, a much better and bolder shot than being short. We have it drummed into us by instructors and friends that we must be up to the hole when putting.

It is rather strange that we are told so often that our putts must be up to the hole, and practically never told that our approaches must be up to the hole. There are few certain ways of making money, but I can tell you of one. All you have to do is to sit at the back of a green at a short hole, and arrange to forfeit one shilling for every tee-shot past the flag, provided you receive sixpence for every tee-shot short of the flag. It does not matter whether the hole is being played by the leading professionals in an important competition or by the ordinary club members in their usual week-end games, in either case you will show a big profit. Perry is up to the hole with his approach shots much more often than any other golfer I have ever seen, and this fact, plus his bold putting, is largely responsible for his many brilliant scores.

Perry finished his last round weakly, for an aggregate of 294, at which figure were also Reg Whitcombe, J. Fallon, W. Shankland, and Sam King, who at one time looked like not qualifying. Burton's winning score was 290, and Bulla was second at 292. Besides Perry, all those who finished in 294 must have thought, when it was all over, how easy it would have been to have saved one shot per round.

I did not see copies of all Whitcombe's cards, but I was told by a friend who had seen them all, that he did not have a single hole in more than five strokes throughout the Championship. This is really a wonderful performance at St. Andrews, where it is possible to have a major disaster at nearly every hole. What a great golfer Reg Whitcombe is, and how near he is to being acknowledged one of the greatest golfers of all time. If Whitcombe had won the Open Championship in 1937, 1938 and 1939, everyone would be convinced that he is the greatest golfer in the world. With the worst of the weather and the luck he just lost in 1937, he won in 1938, and he lost by the shortest of short heads this year. Cotton played some rank bad shots, and far too many not good ones. I never expected to see Walter Hagen win on the Old Course, and I never expect to see Cotton win on it. They both know the dangers there, and how easy it is to have a complete crash.

The Irish Open Championship at Royal County Down

James Bruen, the young Irish prodigy from Muskerry, started, as he often does, with a remarkable and record-breaking round of 66. He then spoilt the effect with a 74, 75, and finally an 81 that put him sixth to winner Lees

Reginald Whitcombe, here seen with the Irish woman champion, Miss McGeagh, and Mr. J. S. Graham, played just the opposite of Bruen, starting with a 76, continuing with a fine 69, and two 72's, to finish second with 289

The Golf Balls of Stoke: Winners and Losers

The Sweenys, Robert — former Amateur champion—and Charles, won the competition at Stoke Poges, Slough, for the gold golf balls of Stoke. Their return was 67—75=142

R. Quilter and D. H. Kyle, the holders of the golf balls of Stoke, were deprived of possession. They returned fourth best score, 72—78=150. Illingworth and Girardet won the silver balls with 146

At championship meetings, both in the Exhibition tent and in the local shops, there are usually on view new clubs and gadgets designed to make the playing of the game or the carrying of the clubs easier. This year at St. Andrews, there were on view clubs priced at five guineas each. There cannot be many who desire to, or can afford to, buy clubs at this price. Nevertheless, there are some golfers who are prepared to pay exorbitant prices if they can be persuaded that the article being offered will really improve their so-called game.

I saw one article at St. Andrews (the price of which the poorest of golfers can afford) which will be useful to all golfers, especially those who by desire or of necessity carry their own clubs. It is called "The Ideal Golfers' Shoulder Pad," and can be procured for half-a-crown from Robert Forgan and Son, Ltd., of St. Andrews. The pad consists of soft rubber inside a leather case, and can be fitted to the shoulder-strap of any golf-bag. Two pins at each end of the pad enable it to be locked on the strap in the most convenient position to take the weight of the bag on the shoulder. Even if you always have a caddy if one is available, you may find on some occasions, when you particularly want to play on a certain famous course, that no caddies can be procured. On occasions like this, you will find "The Ideal Golfers' Shoulder-Pad" a real blessing, and also when you have to carry your clubs when travelling to or from your car to the caddy-master or club-house.

This England . . .

Ullswater and Glenridding from Place Fell

WHEN in late Tudor days, pewter and silver drinking mugs gave place to glass—Venetian goblets for the wealthy and "rough Surrey glass" for the would-be fashionable—not everyone approved. Andrew Boorde found glasses wasteful, complaining of breakages, "beside that they breed much strife toward such as have the charge of them." The glasses won; but it should be recorded in fairness to the worthy physician that in 1542 he did speak well of ale as being a wholesome beverage "for an Englysshe man." For here, indeed, did he speak for the generality of men—even to posterity—if we may judge by the popularity to-day of a brew well thought on in Tudor times . . . your Worthington, noble in tankard or glass.

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Girls Again

Autumn Foursomes Entry Form will appear August 23rd.

ON page vi appears the Entrance Form and Conditions for the Girls' Championship of 1939, a notable occasion because it is now twenty-one years since Miss Stringer and *The Gentlewoman* started the event. It might be amusing to recall some of the emotions and commotions of that first championship in 1919, but, better still, to hear about them from "Auntie Mabel" herself, and, if all is well, she is going to come to the prizegiving on September 15th for that very purpose.

More important still, though, is the thought of this year's championship. If only the draw will be kind—even seeding cannot keep the best players apart for longer than the first four rounds—what semi-finals there might be! Think of Lally Vagliano, Maureen Ruttle, Jean Donald and Anne Heywood, respectively a national and county champion, runners-up in a divisional and a county championship. Yet there are plenty of the older girls who can make any of these quake if they happen to be on their best form, for golf is an uncertain game, wherein the unknown quite often produces a streak of brilliance for long enough to beat somebody with quite a reputation.

That has always been where the fun comes in, and this year there is an additional competition—a consolation knock-out tournament for the eight youngest competitors who have failed to survive the first two rounds.

Starting on the Thursday morning the juniors' final will be played on the Friday morning, while the championship semi-finals are going on, and then winner and loser will be able to come and cheer on their fancy in the championship final, and learn a great deal if they are so minded of how and why championships are lost or won, before coming up to receive their own prizes from Miss Pam Barton.

That will leave the Craig scratch bogey challenge cup for the defeated elders and third-round defeated youngsters, which means that there will be plenty for everybody to do and play for all the time.

To begin the week there is, of course, the Scottish *v.* English match on the Monday, with England fairly thirsting for Scotland's blood, which it has never, so far, tasted. The thistles will badly miss Sheila Stroyan to captain them, but it is grand news that Captain Stroyan, donor of the challenge cup, is still going to give the badges and medals to both teams: thistle to Scotland, rose to England, silver for the winning team, bronze for the losing team. And on Tuesday is the Girls' Golfing Society meeting, when present and past girls compete together, rumour having it that the past are going to come in force this year and make a very determined effort to put the present in what they consider their places.

(*Continued on page* vi)

Cotton lost to the Ladies

Henry Cotton repeated this year his match in aid of the "Fair Play" fund against the best ball of three women champions, and Pam Barton, Wanda Morgan and Jessie Anderson succeeded at Maylands where Lady Heathcoat-Amory, Miss Enid Wilson and Mme. Lacoste had failed last year: they beat him by a hole. Having started with an eagle and three birdies to win the first four holes, the man never won another and saw his lead slowly dissipate

The Annual Mixed Foursomes at Ashridge in Aid of the National Playing Fields Association

This foursome at Ashridge is W. P. Keene (Hartsbourne Manor), Mrs. Sangwin (Grims Dyke), Mrs. Doree (Hartsbourne Manor), and Dr. Mungo Park (Grims Dyke). The Grims Dyke pair returned two down and with this tied with T. H. Cotton and Mrs. M. I. de Moss. In the second round the latter, who had won last year with six up, beat the former by one down to two down

The Hon. Mrs. Robin Gurdon, Lord Cowdray's sister and Lord Cranworth's daughter-in-law, partnered L. G. Crawley in the "Playing Fields" foursomes at Ashridge, an event which was well patronised by famous players

Cool Interlude
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE V
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE TONIC

Miss Can't: *'The change always upsets me at first'*

Miss Can: *'Then why don't you take* **Eno** *— for a change'*

Year after year, the Miss Can'ts of this world feel off-colour for the first few days of their holidays. They don't seem to grasp the fact that change of air, habit and diet almost invariably upset the system. For more than seventy years, sensible people like Miss Can have avoided these holiday upsets by taking a morning glass of Eno, *before* they start for their holidays and while they're away.

Eno is the gentlest and surest of all correctives. It washes away clogging impurities, tones up your liver and makes sure of sparkling holiday health — *from the word go !*

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

● The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks
● Eno costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists

The Last Ghost *(Continued from page 142)*

John says nobody of his family could possibly go to Monte Carlo any more ; that 's why he arranged for me to meet him in Menton.

" And now I can't meet him, and I can't hope to get Madame to lend me a farthing, and I can't pay my landlady. I wish I were dead ! "

She cried for a few moments, and then looked up. " I 'm sorry," she said. " I expect something will happen. Do you think you could help me to the road ? I believe I could walk fairly well on level ground."

Tarrant raised a dignified hand.

" One moment. I take it that five pounds would enable you to pay your bill and buy a ticket to Menton ? Because if that is the case, I can help you, I think. The banks are not open yet, of course, but I always keep a little English money in my hotel, and if you 'll wait here, I 'll —er—fetch it."

He was gone before she could speak. He did not, of course, go back to his lodgings. Suddenly he felt he could never go back to his lodgings. When he reached the road—out of sight of the shore—he sat down on an iron seat, and he felt an old man. He knew then that the game was over, and he was glad. He felt, he told himself, like someone who had suddenly been let out of prison. He saw the sunlight, the blue sky, and the blue bay as if he had never noticed them before — and he saw the thin, blue veins on his spidery hands and the bony knees that almost cut through his threadbare trousers.

His heart, too, was giving him more trouble than usual, and so he waited ten minutes, and then he went back to the beach.

She was still sitting on a rock, and there was so much surprise in her joy at seeing him that he winced. But he greeted her gaily.

" It 's all right," he said. " Now, let me help you on to the road. There ! You can walk quite well ; I don't think your ankle is too badly sprained. It's those ridiculous high heels you young women will wear, you know, that caused all the trouble. Now sit on this seat—it 's a main road—and a cab will be sure to come along any minute now, if you don't feel like walking by yourself. You must excuse me because I have an appointment at the Museum this morning early.

" Oh, and here 's five pounds. Dear me ! I almost forgot to give it to you. Pay me back when you like. David—er—Smith, care of the Société Générale will always find me. Good-bye, good-bye—and good luck."

He pressed a note into her hand and almost ran. She looked at it. Although he had made every effort to straighten it out, the paper of Bank of England notes is obstinate, and this one had obviously for a long time been folded into eight.

INSTEAD of going to the Casino that morning Captain Tarrant did a thing he had not done for a very long time. He went for a swim. The water was cold, so he did not have to go very far, but he was happy in those few minutes for the first time in thirty years.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

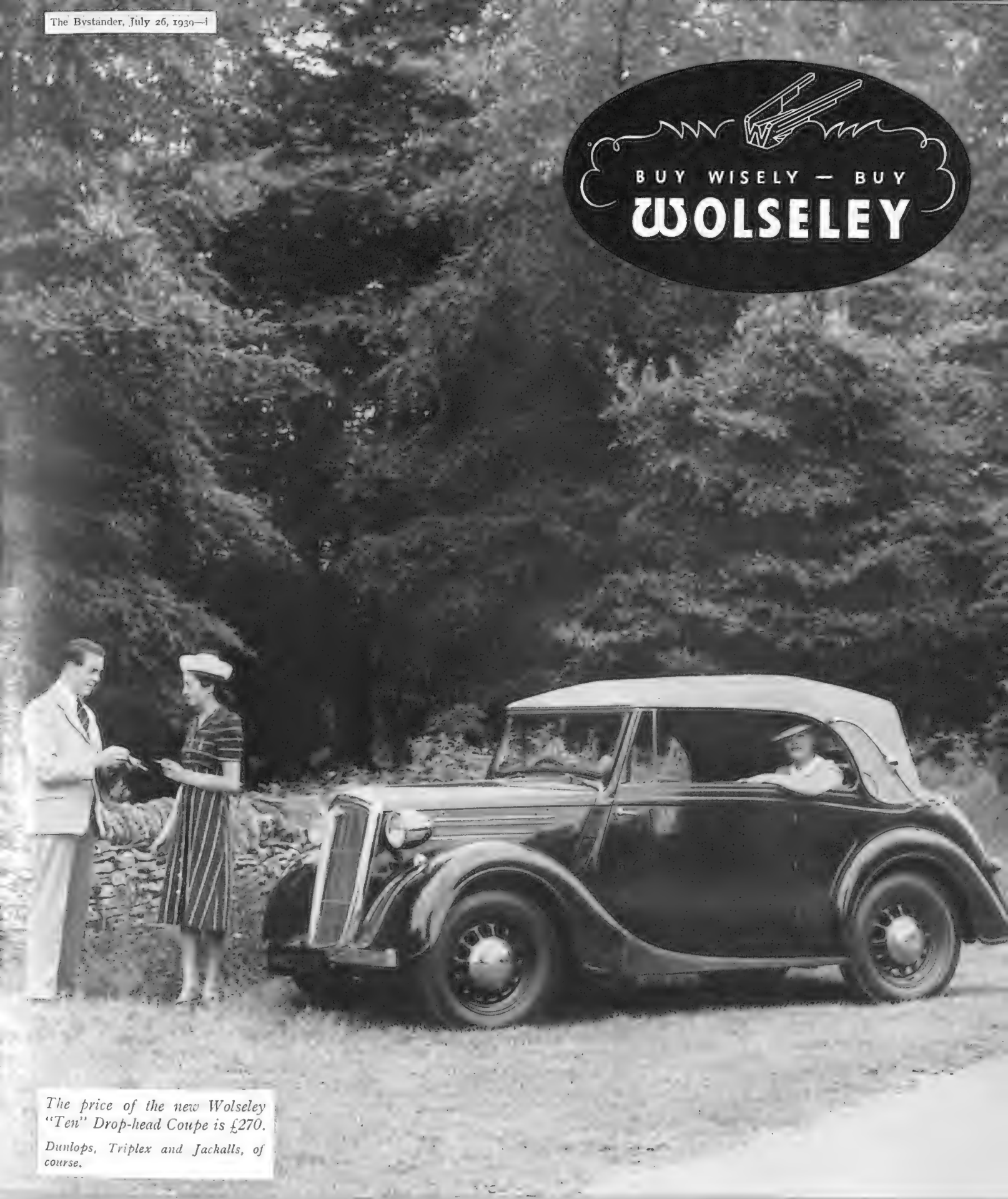
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....



The price of the new Wolseley "Ten" Drop-head Coupe is £270.

Dunlops, Triplex and Jackalls, of course.

NEVER BEFORE have the advantages of the weather-tight closed car been so successfully blended with those of the fully open type as in the new Wolseley "Ten" Drop-head Coupe. It is every inch a Wolseley—a car of character and distinction giving a performance far above its rating.

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Oxford.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE use of safety glass for motor vehicles, aircraft, shipping, and various other purposes, has become so widespread that many different types of safety glass are now available. In order to remove any uncertainty as to the safety properties of different makes of safety glass, the British Standards Institution, on the suggestion of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, set up a committee some time back, to determine the various types of glass which could properly be termed "safety" glass for use in land transport, to define the properties of such safety glass, and to draw up appropriate specifications and tests. Their report has now been issued, and it is of particular interest to me, as I was literally within a quarter of an inch of death on Brooklands five years ago, through the imperfection of an early type of heat-treated windscreen.

I was driving a powerful saloon car fitted with a racing engine, in a large field of starters. My companion was a mechanic from the works of the manufacturer who owned the car, and as it was a saloon, neither of us bothered about goggles or a crash-helmet. The event was a one-lap sprint, and my handicap was one of those things you dream about, but come your way only once in a lifetime! I was handicapped as though the car had a lap-speed of 86 m.p.h., whereas actually it could lap at well over 100 m.p.h.

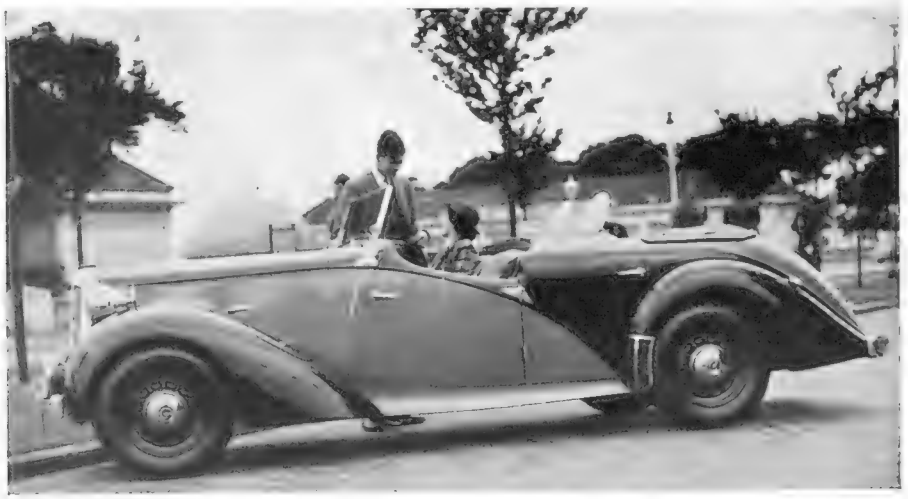
All went well, and we gradually overhauled car after car until only one remained to be passed, and we came up behind him about three-quarters of the way down the Railway Straight, travelling at about 103 m.p.h. Suddenly there was a *bang*, and a blast of wind caught us full in the face, bringing with it a shower of what seemed like fair-sized jagged rocks. I took a quick look at my mechanic and saw him jerk his head back over the back of his seat, and for the moment I thought he was dead.

Then I realised what had happened. The car in front had thrown up a stone which had shattered our windscreen, and 103 m.p.h. wind pressure had done the rest. The screen had come in all over us in large jagged chunks. My mechanic's ear was nearly cut off, and I had a gash which travelled down my forehead to within less than a quarter of an inch of my right eye.

Had we crashed, there would inevitably have been a ghastly shambles, because there were a dozen or so other cars right on our tail—and who would ever have thought of blaming the windscreen? That, of course, would have been thought to have broken in the crash. When we came to rest on our return to the paddock, the whole of the back of the saloon was covered in blood and fragments of glass.

This was five years ago, when "Toughened" safety glass was in its infancy, and

(Concluded on page iv)



This Daimler 2½-litre open four-seater took first prize in its class and won a special award for the best ensemble at the recent Ramsgate Concours d'Elégance

A THRILLING TROPICAL TAN IN 2 HOURS!

NO PAINS, BLISTERS, BURNS or FRECKLES

Men! Girls! Many fine, sunny days are ahead, you 'll be glad to hear! And just between you and the scorching sun to come, a clean, refreshing application of "COOLTAN" means Glamour with Safety. A richer, more attractive Tan, for one thing. And no Burns, Blisters, Peeling, Flaking or Freckles for another. Take a tube of this famous greaseless Cream with your Swim-Suit. Millions do so, in all parts of the World. There 's nothing else like "Cooltan."

"Cooltan" scientifically stops the Sun's Danger-Rays, increases the Tanning Action of the ultra-violet rays; soothes the skin; improves its texture and appearance; and is effective for both sexes, all ages. No grease. No dye. No spirit. No substitute! Of Chemists and Stores everywhere. Tubes 1/3 and 2/- Lotion Form 2/6.

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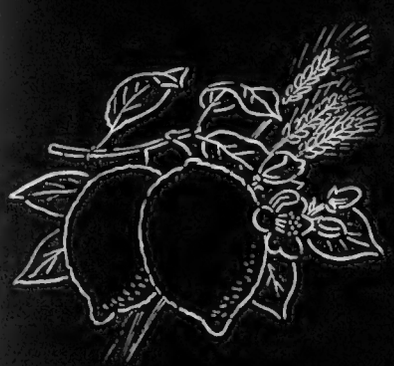

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page ii)

you may well imagine that I have watched its development since then to its present state of excellence, with more than average interest. The report of the British Standards Institution is, as I have said, of particular interest to me.

The present Ministry of Transport regulation defines safety glass as a glass so constructed or treated that if fractured, it does not fly into fragments capable of causing severe cuts. The new British Standard specification goes further: it includes this requirement and also defines safety glass as a glass which is transparent, free from cracks, scratches, bubbles, blisters and other defects, and capable of withstanding normal treatment in service. Safety glass which complies with the standards may be marked with the registered certification mark of the B.S.I. This is a guarantee to the public that the glass has passed the very stringent tests, laid down in the specification, and is periodically tested to ensure that this standard is maintained. And this, say I, is a good thing!

COWLEY, near Oxford, renowned throughout the world as the home of Morris cars, now has another claim to fame as the place where fifteen inches of "rainfall" is recorded every hour of the working day. Fortunately, this torrential downfall does not extend over the whole of the district, otherwise the countryside would be almost permanently flooded, but is confined to a section of the Morris factory where an artificial rain-plant has been installed. The object of the plant is to test thoroughly the waterproof qualities of the cars before they leave the factory—a point of exceptional importance in view of the fact that, of the total number of saloon cars made, no fewer than 86 per cent. are of the sliding- or sunshine-roof type.

Although the coachbuilders' art has been brought to such a pitch of perfection that the majority of sliding heads can be guaranteed water-tight, Morris Motors, Ltd. felt that a test ought to be applied which would rapidly prove if a leak had, by any chance, developed in the roof or anywhere else in the coachwork assembly. Consequently, their own engineers set to work to evolve a special storm-test booth in which heavy rainfall conditions could be accurately reproduced.

It was discovered, according to Kemp's *Engineers' Year Book*, that the worst short rainfall period ever recorded in Great Britain was at Norwich, when ·52 of an inch was registered in about five minutes. It was decided to standardise the water output from the storm test, at 15 inches per hour, or almost two and a half times this amount. As each car enters the booth, 15,000 jets of water are cascaded over it from all angles, at a rate of 100 gallons per minute. Such intensity immediately finds any weak spots not only in the roof, but tests the watertightness of the windscreen and the windows, the efficiency of the drip moulding, and the effectiveness of the bonnet sealing for preventing water penetrating to the power unit. For experimental purposes, the pressure of the water is increased tenfold.

Comparison with rainfall figures registered outside this country, show that the Morris Storm Test is amply in excess of any rainfall which is likely to be encountered, even in the tropics, and the car which can survive such a concentrated downpour is not likely to cause the owner misgivings as to keeping him dry in any wet weather experienced in the British Isles.

***Up-river** days are here and we therefore draw attention to a modern type of holiday craft, the folding canoe. Though these boats cannot compare with a punt for comfort or roominess, they are much more easy to propel and can be taken across country. The illustration shows a popular make of canoe, the 18-ft. Rytecraft Folcanu, on the Thames*

Advertisement of Bell & Howell Co. Ltd., 13-14, Gt. Castle St., Oxford Circus, London, W.1

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You can drive your Car on and off the New Motor Car Ferry

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"It is good news to learn that increasing numbers of British Motor Manufacturers are recommending the use of Ethyl petrol in their Instruction Books."

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

"I agree they run better on Esso Ethyl" *said the Chauffeur-mechanic*

Experience counts! Twenty millions of the world's motorists do not run their cars on Ethyl petrol without good reason. Modern high-compression motors need high-compression Esso Ethyl petrol if they are to give the acceleration, speed, and power the manufacturer built into them.

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The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (21st Year)

HOLDER: SHEILA STROYAN

Scratch Match Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 13th, 14th and 15th. No Qualifying Round.

September 11th—International Match, Scotland *v.* England.

September 12th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 15th, 1939.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting-list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday, August 25th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears on the right.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th and 15th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

The two semi-finalists, 1938, and six next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

A *Consolation Tournament* will be held on the 14th and the morning of 15th for the *eight youngest competitors* who have been beaten in the first or second rounds. Prizes to the winner and runner-up.

A *Scratch Bogey Competition* for the Craig Challenge Cup will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland *v.* England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 11th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green fee of 3s. 6d.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

SCOTLAND *v.* ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1939, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY.

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON HOTEL, 10s. 6d. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

21st Year.

Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th and 15th, 1939.

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, August 25th.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)*.....

{*and should like *but should not like} to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

this neckband never shrinks

BECAUSE it's a special Van Heusen neckband—one good reason why the Van Heusen semi-stiff collars sit pretty with no bones, tabs or buttons. And Vantella shirts have other advantages — Van Heusen curve-woven, semi-stiff cuffs—three sleeve lengths to every size. Only 9/6 in zephyr, 10/9 in poplin-de-luxe, and 1/3 each for the Van Heusen collars - to - match.

'VANTELLA' SHIRTS regd MADE TO MATCH

'VAN HEUSEN' COLLARS regd

Van Heusen neckbands & semi-stiff collars & cuffs are made exclusively by Messrs. Harding, Tilton & Hartley Ltd. of London

COTELLA LTD., 14 MOOR LANE, E.C.2

Women's Golf (*Continued from page 152*)

Only Tuesday's play is not covered by the entrance form for the championship; intending girls must apply to Miss Brennan, 21, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent, who will enrol them as members of the Society and take their entries for Tuesday's medal round and foursomes. Will entrants please note that, but note at the same time that any other mortal thing they like to ask me I will do my best to answer or, if possible, provide. But with the best will in the world I cannot conjure rooms out of hotels already full, so will they please do their own bookings of these as soon as maybe.

TALK of "putting them in their place" between past and present Girls is nothing more than a joke, but the words do remind me that more than a few people have begged me to write something on the subject of young players who are kept out of teams unjustly and short-sightedly, simply because the older members of those teams are jealous of them, want the places themselves, or at best have a theory that young golfers must prove themselves, a vast number of times over, before they can be permitted to play for their club, county, or country, as the case may be. (It would be rather fun, by the way, to enquire of some of those older players what they themselves have done in the last twelve months by way of proving themselves. A good many of them live on a reputation which is already in process of decay.)

This sounds pretty bold put on paper, but there are so many who can find the cap a good fit and wear it that I feel there to be safety in numbers. There are plenty of counties where a good clearance sale of the older players would be entirely wholesome. Possibly the team might not do as steadily the first few matches the next season, but at least a side would be built up from a sound foundation, which must always be better than shoring up with props one that is bound to tumble to earth before very long.

WHEN those elders lament, as they may sometimes be heard doing, the scarcity of good young players, implying that golf was not what it was in their young day, it would be salutary if somebody had the pluck to say: "Well, what have you done yourself to help them on?" That is what those who come and referee at Stoke Poges are always so ready to do. They are impressed by the girls' good sportsmanship, just as much as the girls are impressed by their kindness. That is a tradition of the Girls, and nobody recognises it more than the elders. It is said that no Girl becomes a grim golfer, only a good one. Long may it be true.

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Player's

PLAYER'S CORK-TIPPED • MEDIUM OR MILD • 10-6½D • 20-1/0½D • 25-1/4D

N.C.C.486G

Getting Married The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Chapin — Macpherson

Dr. Leland Taylor Chapin, Associate Professor in Stanford University, California, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harkness L. Chapin, of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., and Lilian Christian Macpherson, only daughter of Sir Norman Macpherson, of Viewfield House, Edinburgh, and the late Lady Macpherson, were married at Christ Church, Down Street

Pennink — Stuart

Frank Pennink, ex-Amateur golf champion, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Pennink, of 11, Court Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and Nancy Stuart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stuart, of 6, Wyndham House, S.W.1, and Chuck Hatch, Hartfield, Sussex, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Bordes — Goolden

Lieut. Breon George Bordes, R.N., only son of G. H. Bordes, of Cannes, and Mrs. Bordes, of Well, Alford, Lincolnshire, and Joyce Marjorie Goolden, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. F. H. W. Goolden, of the Brookside, Bedhampton, Hants., were married at St. Thomas's, Bedhampton

Corbett — Valli

Eric Corbett, eldest son of the late Eric Corbett, and Mrs. Corbett, of Gorse Hill, Witley, Surrey, and Isabella Maria Valli, daughter of C. C. Valli, of Wayside, Lyndale, N.W.2, were married at Christ Church, Hampstead, and are honeymooning in France. The bride is a pianist, and her father is managing director of Coty

Tierney — Sparks

Ronald Tierney, Royal Artillery, and Margueritta Sparks, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sparks, of 56, Queen's Gardens, S.W., were married at the Brompton Oratory. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Tierney, of Purley, Surrey

Guthrie — Sandys-Lumsdaine

Hugo H. L. Guthrie and Cecily Joan Sandys-Lumsdaine were married at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Guthrie, of Birchend House, Castle Frome, Herefordshire. She is the daughter of the late Edwin Sandys-Lumsdaine, and Mrs. Sandys-Lumsdaine, of Locksheath, Southampton

Pollard — Maunsell

Colonel George L. G. Pollard, late Royal Signals, son of Dr. and Mrs. G. S. Pollard, of Weston-super-Mare, and Patricia Kathleen Maunsell, only daughter of Arthur Lloyd Maunsell, of Eardenstowe, Wisborough Green, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Lloyd Maunsell, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Oakley — Moon

Antony Savill Oakley married Ena Moon, the actress and radio artist, at All Souls', Langham Place. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Oakley, of Avenue Road, N.W.3, and she is the daughter of Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. Moon, of Harrow-on-the-Hill

Bell — Burgess

Thomas Alexander Bell, son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Bell, of the Gables, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, and Elizabeth Jean Burgess, only daughter of Professor and Mrs. A. H. Burgess, of Ashlea, Cheadle, Cheshire, were married at Manchester Cathedral

Oliver — Peel

Robert Ormsby Oliver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey R. Oliver, of Port Hill, Northam, Devon, and Hermione Mary Peel, daughter of the late Colonel Robert Peel, and Mrs. Peel, of 15, Cranley Place, S.W.7, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Steer — Barton

George Lowther Steer, South African-born journalist, only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Steer, of East London, South Africa, married Barbara Esmé Barton at the Chapel of the Savoy. She is the daughter of Sir Sidney Barton, last British Minister in Addis Ababa, and Lady Barton, of 19, Neville Street, S.W., and had met Mr. Steer in Abyssinia when he was "covering" the war. Emperor Haile Selassie was among the guests, and the Bishop of London officiated

Aylwin — Holland

Lieut. Charles Kenneth Aylwin, R.N., H.M.S. Royal Sovereign, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Aylwin, of Treyford House, Knutsford, Cheshire, and Islay Campbell Holland, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Ernest Holland, of 10, Princes Gardens, S.W.7, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

(*Concluded on page* D)

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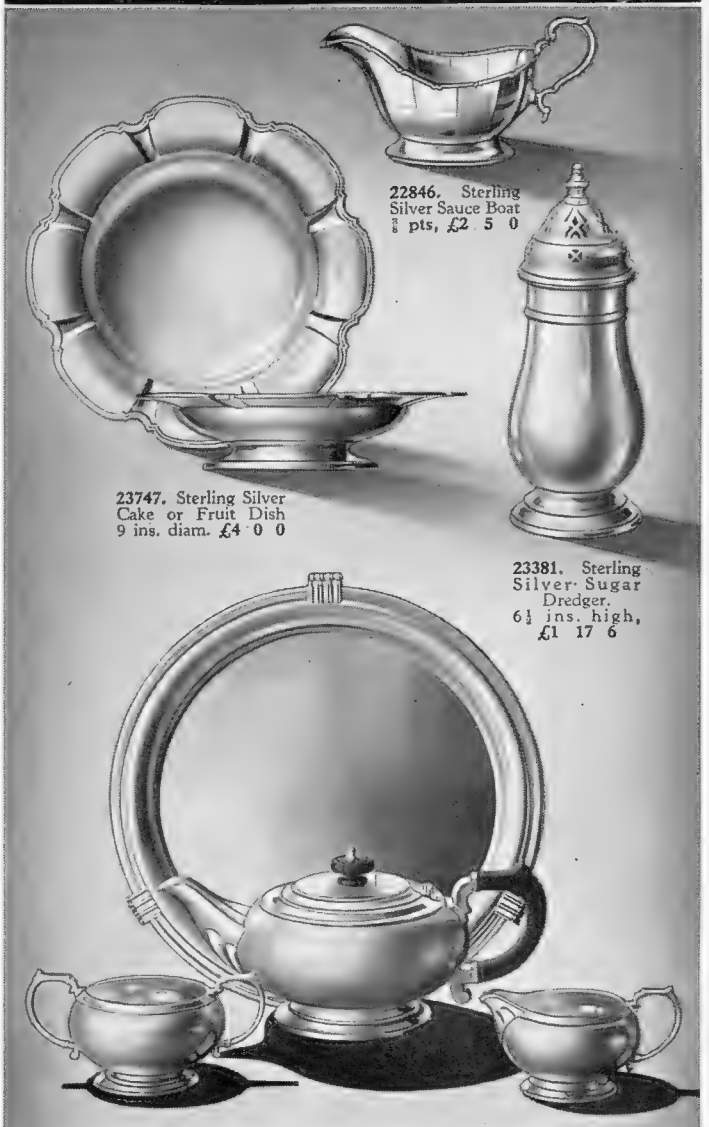

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Getting Married *(Continued)*

Lenare

Ursula Maclure

Is the younger daughter of the late Sir John Maclure, Bt., and Lady Maclure, of Brantwood, West Byfleet, Surrey; she is engaged to Louis Gordon Oliphant Hutchison, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hutchison, of Strathairly, Upper Largo, Fife

Bassano

Mary Felicity Campbell

Mary Felicity Campbell is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. K. B. Campbell, K.O.S.B., and Mrs. Campbell, of Old Gables, Kersey, Suffolk; she is engaged to Charles Godfrey Graham-Brown, son of the late Rev. W. Graham-Brown, and Mrs. Graham-Brown, of Pound Hall, Long Melford, Suffolk

Lenare

Joan Dorothea Wood

Joan Dorothea Wood is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Wood, of 28, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, and Arne, Wareham, Dorset; she is to marry Donald Sturdy, Colonial Agricultural Service, Tanganyika Territory, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Sturdy, of Trigon, Wareham

Pearl Freeman

Ann Gurteen

Ann Gurteen is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gurteen, of Coupals, Haverhill, Suffolk, and is engaged to Captain Godfrey Lionel Rampling, R.A. (the ex-champion quarter-miler), eldest son of the late H. J. Rampling, and Mrs. Hurford Tatlow, of Cairo

Catherine Bell

Phyllis Iceton

Phyllis Iceton is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert W. Iceton, of 14, Luttrell Avenue, Putney; her fiancé is Captain Geoffrey Hawkins, 2nd Sikhs Frontier Force Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hawkins, of Moorside, Hatherleigh, Devon

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 26—August 1

First Night and Matinee days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

AFTER THE DANCE.—An over-written study of the clash of period temperaments gives Catherine Lacey, Martin Walker, Anne Firth chances they mostly take: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ALIEN CORN.—Margaretta Scott gives a strong performance as a thwarted pianist-refugee in Sidney Howard's well-acted play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, Hugh Williams does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.—Harcourt Williams has produced Dorothy Sayers' new-style version of the *Faust* legend; a play with something to say: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GENTLE PEOPLE.—Abraham Sofaer and Ernest Jay are the people who get ungentle with gangster Clement McCallin in quite a good, funny play: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland, with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40 Tues. Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Robert Atkins' lovely production has Leslie French as Puck, Romney Brent as Bottom, Robert Eddison as Oberon: Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—This delicious Irish comedy revived, with Zena Dare, Margaret Rutherford, Arthur Sinclair in their original parts; short season; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Carfax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Cocktail Time at the Café de Paris

This group of fashionable people taking apéritifs before the serious business of the evening are the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys, Lady Ursula Horne, Mrs. Gabriel Gabriel, Mr. Horne and Mr. Gabriel

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 123.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

CINEMAS

BEETHOVEN (French).—Harry Baur plays the composer, the Conservatoire orchestra plays the music: Curzon.

CAPTAIN FURY (American).—Tough stuff about sheep-raising and convict labour in Australia in the 'forties, with Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen: London Pavilion.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner

DRAME DE SHANGHAI (French).—Louis Jouvet in war-menaced China; a Pabst film: Academy.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez are in the A. E. W. Mason story filmed: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE FOUR JUST MEN (British).—Edgar Wallace's thriller makes good film stuff for Hugh Sinclair, Griffith Jones, Frank Lawton, Anna Lee: Gaumont.

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH (American).—Father Lewis Stone and son Mickey Rooney and the others in a new family adventure: Empire.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (American).—Dorothy Lamour leaves the jungle for the boulevards, to meet Jack Benny and Edward Arnold in a comedy: Carlton.

THE MODERN MIRACLE (American).—Bell and his telephone come in for it this time, Don Ameche being the inventor, Loretta Young his sweetheart: New Gallery.

LES OTAGES (French).—A Montague and Capulet theme in a French war-scarred village; good acting by Charpin, Annie Vernay, local people: Paris.

PETER THE GREAT (Russian).—A fine historical film from Alexei Tolstoy's book; Simonov plays the name part: Academy.

Q PLANES (British).—A thriller about spies and aeroplane-stealers; cast headed by Laurence Olivier Ralph Richardson, Valerie Hobson: Odeon.

SPIES OF THE AIR (British).—Barry K. Barnes, Roger Livesey and Joan Marion in high espionage: Plaza.

THE SUN NEVER SETS (American).—Gold Coast empire builders in difficulties political and emotional—Basil Rathbone, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Virginia Field: Leicester Square.

WOMEN IN THE WIND (American).—Kay Francis as an airwoman: Regal.

BALLET

RUSSIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN:

LAC DES CYGNES, FILS PRODIGUE, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE.—To-day, 26th, 2.30.

CENT BAISERS, PETROUCHKA, PRÉSAGES.—To-night, 26th, 8.45.

SYLPHIDES, PAGANINI, COQ D'OR.—Thurs., 27th, 8.45.

GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, PRÉSAGES.—Fri., 28th, 8.45.

CENT BAISERS, PETROUCHKA, CENDRILLON.—Sat., 29th, 2.30.

LAC DES CYGNES, PAGANINI, PROTÉE, AURORA.—Sat., 29th, 8.45.

For Monday's and Tuesday's programmes, see dailies.

SPORT

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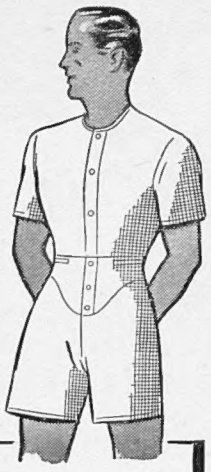

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